

The TATLER

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Aug. 24, 1932REGISTERED AS A
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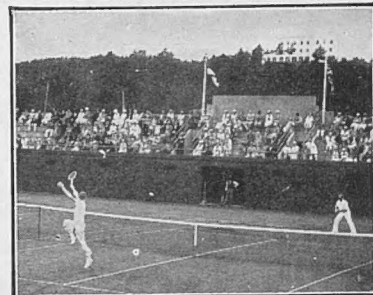
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The TATTLER

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS
OF YORK AND HER
YOUNGER DAUGHTER

To become two years old is an important step forward in this business of growing up, for babyhood is definitely left behind when age is no longer measured by months. It was last Sunday, August 21, that H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose celebrated the second anniversary of her birthday. This exciting day brought many tangible expressions of affection, but it is certain that they were far outnumbered by the unspoken but heartfelt good wishes which England offered its youngest Royal Lady



OUR LITTLE PRINCESSES: T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND
PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, WHO IS JUST TWO YEARS OLD

Marcus Adams, Dover Street



AT FRINTON: MRS. ROBERT GRIMSTON WITH HER CHILDREN TONY, ROBERT, AND ROSEBUD, AND LADY ELIZABETH MOTION AND HER DAUGHTER, JOAN

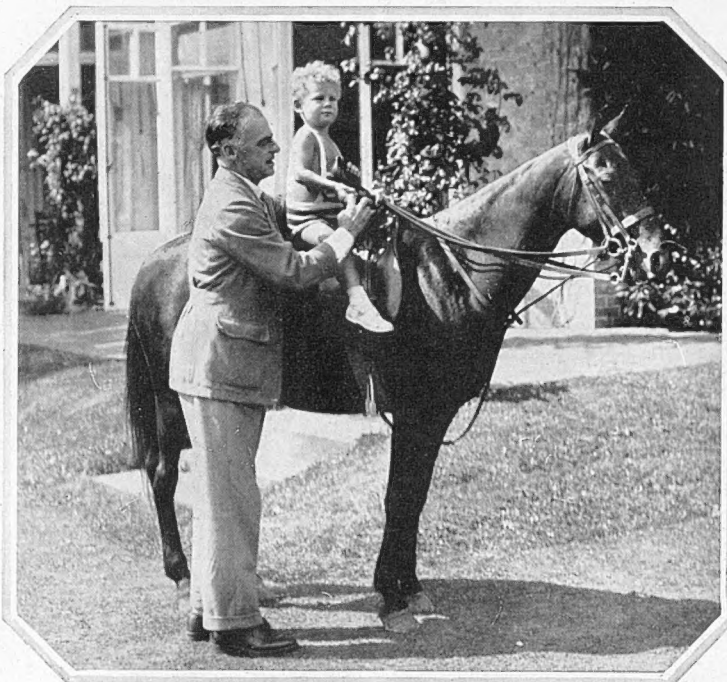
Mrs. Robert Grimston is the wife of the Member for the Westbury Division of Wiltshire. Mr. Robert Villiers Grimston is the son of the late the Rev. the Hon. Robert Grimston, who was Canon of St. Alban's and the son of the late Lord Verulam. Lady Elizabeth Motion is a sister of the present Earl and the wife of Major Thomas Motion, who was Joint Master of the Hertfordshire

MY DEAR,—With everyone scattered about news is very local and patchy at this time of the year. Mr. Clare and Lady Doris Vyner entertained a large party for the 12th to meet the Duke and Duchess of York. Amongst

the guests at Studley were Lord and Lady Doune and Captain and Mrs. Eddy Compton. The wonderful Centenary Celebration at Fountains Abbey was one of the most beautiful and impressive sights ever seen in recent years. The crowd was so dense that half of it had to wait outside while the service was in progress. The Abbey, which is the most beautiful ruin in England, is open to the sky, and until next Monday every night it will be lit by flood lights. The Duke and Duchess came over with the Studley Royal party to the service, and seemed much moved by it.

* * *

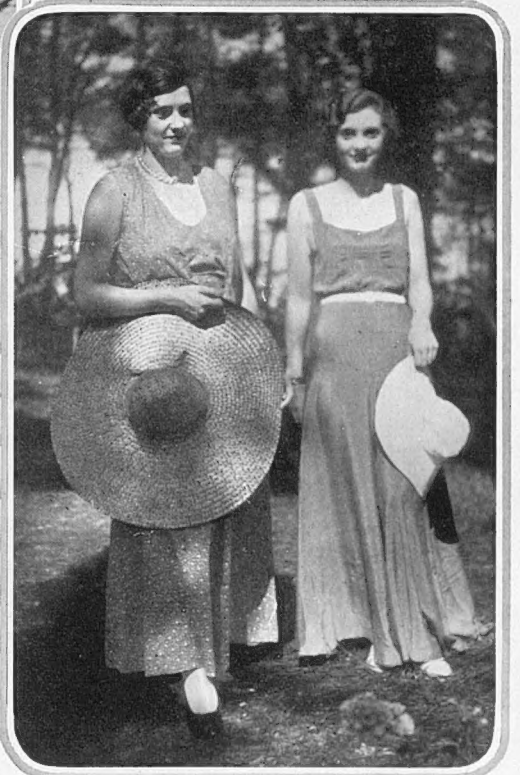
The Duke of Devonshire's party at Bolton Abbey includes the Charles Cavendishes, recently returned from Cannes, where they have been staying at the Corne d'Or with the Fred Lewisohns. I hear that the former Adèle Astaire's neat and nautical dark blue pyjamas were much admired by the rest of the party, which included the James Becks and Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Winn. Mrs. Winn



SIR PATRICK HASTINGS AND HIS GRANDSON, PADDY MARLOWE

The famous K.C. and a promising "junior," snapped at Tachmery, Exbury, Southampton. Quite apart from the brilliant legal talents of which all the world knows, Sir Patrick Hastings is a playwright of definite distinction. Lady Hastings is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. T. L. Grundy, and she was married in 1906, two years after her husband was called

THE LETTERS OF EVE



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AND MISS URSULA REISS IN THE LANDES, NEAR BIARRITZ

The Duke of Westminster has a beautiful estate in the Landes, near Biarritz, and he and Her Grace are there for some weeks and have been entertaining some of their friends

is Mrs. Fred Lewisohn's niece and the daughter of the well-known racing magnate, Mr. Van Heukolem. She has lovely, rather short-sighted blue eyes and naturally curly hair, in fact she might well have served as a model for the immortal "Lily Christine" of Michael Arlen.

To return to the party at Bolton Abbey. The Duke of Devonshire's sons-in-law are all good shots, and two of them are included among the guns, Captain Baillie and Captain James Stuart; Lady Rachel Stuart and Lady Maud Baillie are also in the party. It must be pleasant to have so many attractive grand-children! I believe the Duke and Duchess possess about sixteen of them, the youngest of them being Lady Anne Hunloke's perfectly lovely baby, whose fair curls, blue eyes, and perpetual smile make it one of the star turns in the Nannies' beauty parade that takes place daily in Hyde Park!

* * *

The Lonsdales had their usual party at Lowther, including the Princess Royal

and Lord Harewood, for the opening of the grouse shooting. On account of the forced economy, Lowther, like most of the other big estates, has had to be reduced in staff. But I hope the stables have not yet suffered seriously and that the guns are still driven out to the hill in the famous Lonsdales by the postillions in their gay yellow livery, for they are a picturesque tradition of Lowther.

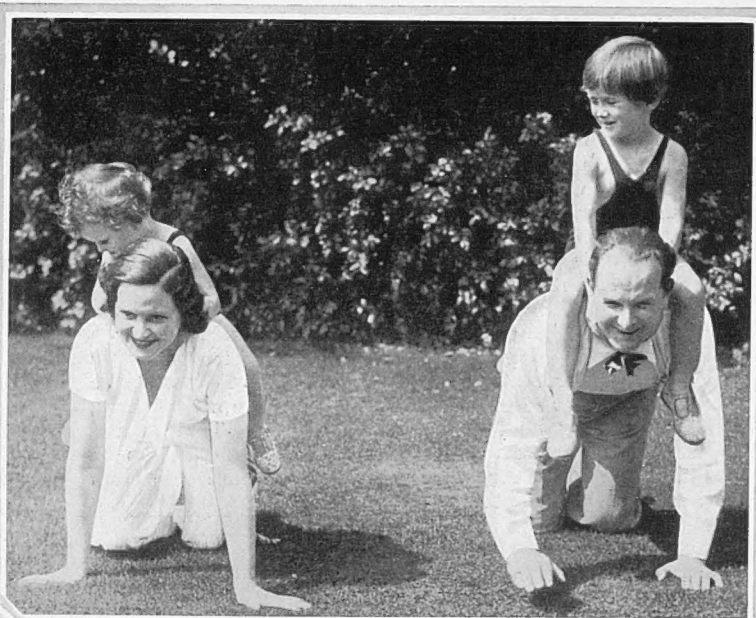
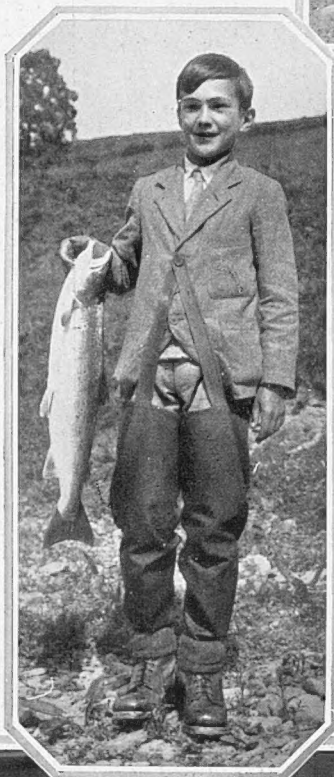
I have been told that Lord Lonsdale has a parrot which goes everywhere with him. But that it is only when he is in Leicestershire that he shouts Tally-ho when the green baize is removed from his cage. The King, too, has a pet parrot—a pink one called "Charlotte," which accompanies him everywhere.

Their Majesties had glorious weather at Sandringham during the few days they spent there after Cowes and before going on to Harewood. There is a certain amount of news from the Eastern counties. The annual carnival at Lowestoft was opened by Lord Ullswater. He and Lady Ullswater came over from Campsea Ashe where the gardens are famous and are open to the public during certain days of the week. And Lord Desborough, who has a house in those parts, had a wonderful duck shoot, and secured a grand bag of some three hundred and sixty, very nearly double the Cator's bag when they had the Duke of York down to shoot a few days before. The Duchess of York and the Cators are connected by marriage since Miss Betty Cator married the Duchess's brother, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon.

The Broads have assumed a very Continental appearance in this August sun,

HIS FIRST SALMON

Philip Pawson, son of Mr. A. G. Pawson, Governor of the Upper Nile Province of the Sudan. A proud moment for the angler after landing his first Wye salmon on the Trevelyn waters at Aberedw, near Builth Wells



STARTERS FOR THE NURSERY STAKES!

The jockeys are Jennifer and Guy Bethell, and the horses are their willing parents, the Hon. John and Mrs. Bethell. The scene of action is Frinton, which is even more popular this season than ever, especially with the young brigade

the serious business of yachting being much interrupted by the strenuous process, or rather art, of browning. For it needs so many seasons to learn how to do the thing properly. I now pride myself on being an adept, though I haven't yet reached the stage of perfection of some of these browned bodies which are to be found in the Piscine at Le Touquet. This Neo-Groman open air bath, to use the description I heard the other day, is filled at all hours by the most glorious specimens of bronzed young manhood I have ever seen. In fact so many of them look like Greek athletes or Roman patricians that it needs very little imagination to think that one has really stepped back twenty centuries or so.

The hot weather brought about a wonderful change in Le Touquet. Half empty one week it was full to overflowing the next. Cars arrived in their thousands, aeroplanes in their hundreds. And half the day seemed to be taken up in meeting friends at Berck Aerodrome, where the machines lie thick on the ground, and where Mr. Collison's big all-metal German monoplane has aroused a lot of envy and excitement. Tables at the big restaurants have been almost impossible to book and many have had to be turned away from the hotels. There is hardly standing room at the Normandy at cocktail time or at Sing Sing, where the people who prefer dancing to gambling forgather very night.

Among the familiar faces to be seen there last week-end were Mr. Fred Astaire, Sir Robert Throckmorton, and the beautiful Miss Hilary Charles, Miss Yoe de Belabre, one of the few who can afford to dance with nothing on her feet but Grecian sandals, and Miss Dora Saleley Hill. The Allen Butlers and Miss Durell Staveley Barker have now flown back to England, but other English people to be seen are the Donnie Players, Mr. Chris. Mackintosh, the famous skier and all-round athlete, Lady Ashley, Mrs. Vernon Tate and her daughter, Miss Diana Russell, and the John Dewars.

Mr. Tommy Phipps, Lady Astor's nephew, has been staying with Mrs. Somerset Maugham, who has a villa at Le Touquet. He went on afterwards to Cannes, where some people have been finding the heat just a little too much for them. I hear that Mr. Phipps, who is a wonderful dancer and extremely good-looking, has been offered a part in musical comedy, but that he cannot make up his mind whether to take it or not. He has not been home very long after a year's stay in America, where his lovely sister, Mrs. Reggie Grenfell, and her husband have been spending this summer. They returned about a fortnight ago after having had a really wonderful time.

(Continued overleaf.
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A CONCOURS D'ÉLÉGANCE AT ST. FAGAN'S CASTLE, GLAMORGAN

Telling off from the left: Lady Clarissa Windsor-Clive, the Countess of Plymouth, Hon. Richard Windsor-Clive, Miss Melissa Benton, and Lady Phyllis Benton. St. Fagan's Castle is Lord Plymouth's Welsh seat, and Lady Clarissa and the Hon. Richard Windsor-Clive are his children. Lady Phyllis Benton is his sister

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Lady Ashley and Miss Olga Lynn were two others of Mrs. Somerset Maugham's visitors at her original and charming villa, Elisa, which is named after her attractive débutante daughter Lisa. Miss Olga Lynn was on her way to Salzburg, where she is going to stay with Mr. Sidney Beer. Lady Ashley is going to the South of France to join Mrs. Richard Norton and her children. Mrs. Norton has just left Lady Louis Mountbatten, who is now cruising along the Dalmatian coast with her husband, and does not expect to be back for several months.

Baroness Koskell, a pretty foreign visitor to London, who has had an immense success over here, is off to the Baltic Islands to visit her mother and she, too, does not expect to be back in England for some time. She will be much missed here, especially by her great friends Lady Biddy King-Tenison and Countess Cosmo Bosdari, who has just been staying up at Osmaston with her brother, Sir Ian Walker, whose polo team have been carrying everything before them this year.

Countess Bosdari, who is tall, with a lovely figure, fair curly hair, and a lovely piquante face, has been in England very little since her marriage nearly four years ago. After a winter spent at Port Vendres, near the Spanish frontier on the Mediterranean side, and several months in Vienna and in Paris, she and her husband and small daughter have now settled in a chateau near Tours, where they have been busy making great alterations to the house and garden.

A friend writes from Salzburg of blue skies and blue nights, blonde beer and blonde women, red wine and sun-red mountains, Mozart, Rosenkavalier, Lotte Lehman, Bruno Walter—in a word, the London opera season in a Tyrolean setting. As those of us who can beg, borrow, or steal a clan take to kilts in Scotland, so at Salzburg the men take to plumed and feathered hats, doe-skin shorts, upheld by gorgeous braces, calf socks, leaving knees and ankles bare, while the women appear in the most fascinating aprons over blue or pink-checked dresses and gold hair—it's all gold—trapped beneath a Tyrolean hunting hat. Not only the peasants, everybody dresses so, the Viennese even dressing their chauffeurs up in the family hunting livery; and Richard Tauber, after singing in *The Land of Smiles*, appeared in the glory of braces and plus fours at the Mirabel bar! He had with him Franz Lehar and his wife, Lehar having attended his own musical comedy and heard Tauber encoored again and again until, after singing in every possible key and every possible variation, one would not have been surprised if he had sung backwards as a final vocal firework.

Tilly Losch (Mrs. James Losch as the hotel register recorded), looking much lovelier "behind the scenes" than upon them, was with the Lehar's in their box, and afterwards was the guest of honour at a typical Viennese party in the lovely Mirabel gardens given by the son of the late Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the author of *Everyman*, the pageant play which is given in the Cathedral square at Salzburg. Young Hofmannsthal has inherited his father's not inconsiderable royalties from the play, and looks like a cross between a rugged edition of Oliver Messel and the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton. Under the illuminated chestnut trees with the voluptuous swirl of a Tzigane band it was the scene of *Sweet Pepper* come true, the musicians serenading each woman of the party in turn, which included Princess Obolensky, her fair hair looking like a silver torch against the night. Her engagement to Rigmund Hofmannsthal is likely soon to issue from rumour to fact.

Taking the festival in all seriousness were Lady Carnarvon, Lady Honor Guinness, and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, the young

English conductor. They were staying at Mr. Sidney Beer's *schloss* just outside Salzburg. Having forsaken the turf for music he has been studying in the Master Class of Conducting at Salzburg and is to make his début next month as a professional conductor at a Mozart concert with Ralph Lawton the American pianist, who played in London this season, as the soloist. With thick black hair and dark features Mr. Beer has all the dramatic appearance of an impressive musician. With voluminous score between them he and Lady Honor Guinness followed every note of the Mozart concert conducted by that master-hand, Bruno Walter.

Mrs. Anthony Acton, who has been spending her honeymoon touring in Europe in the Rolls which Annie Lady Cowdray gave to her husband before she died, is going to continue to live at Carlton House Terrace in the house which belonged to her grandmother.

Mrs. Gurdon was Miss Yoskyl Pearson before her marriage and, like the rest of her family, she is a polo enthusiast, being a first-class rider herself and good at all sports and games. Both of these couples have a house in Hyde Park Gardens, but they are being done up and will not be ready to inhabit for some time yet. These houses were chosen by Annie Lady Cowdray, their grandmother, before she died.



Truman Howell
AT A SHROPSHIRE HUNT GYMKHANA: SIR RICHARD AND LADY LEIGHTON—AND FRIEND

At the Gymkhana held at Shrewsbury in connection with the Shropshire Hunt branch of the Pony Club. Lady Leighton, whose marriage took place last January, was Miss Kathleen Lees of Rowton Castle. Sir Richard Leighton is a Major in the Shropshire Yeomanry, and served in the War with the R.F.C. (wounded and taken prisoner)

given us so far, was very well received, and Dame May Whitty gave a really exquisite performance as the barrister-hero's mother. I saw Lord and Lady Milford Haven, with their great friend, Mrs. Vanderbilt, in the foyer. The latter grows more like her sister, Lady Furness, every time I see her. Altogether, a remarkably successful and amusing evening for mid-August.

Talking of Mrs. Vanderbilt and Lady Furness, they and their sister, Mrs. Thaw, were the good excuses for an exceedingly amusing bathing-pool party given on Thursday night by Miss Mala Brand at the International Sportsmen's Club. Miss Brand is only just back from the South of France, so it was a more or less impromptu effort, but what a sidelight on the modern transformation in social habits to find celebrities in the swim in London in August.

I hear, by the way, that many people are holding back from buying tickets for the next Irish Sweep because they think they may be putting their money straight into Mr. de Valera's pocket, whence the chances of its return might be greater than they have been previously, but decidedly less pleasant.—Yours ever, EVE.



STUDYING THE RUNNERS AT STOCKTON

Lady Grimthorpe, Michael Beary, Lord Grimthorpe, and the Hon. Mrs. Piers Legh intent on ring activities at the Stockton meeting. The big event of the first day was the Hardwicke Plate, which gave that speedy two-year-old, Jim Thomas, his seventh successive victory

The two pictures below were taken at Seaview, in the Isle of Wight. Lady Blane is the widow of Commander Sir Charles Blane, R.N., who was killed in action at the Battle of Jutland. Her daughter came out two seasons ago. Admiral Sir Frederic Fisher retired in 1914, after being president of the R.N.C., Greenwich

WATCH AND PLAY

Social Sports and Pastimes



ALSO AT STOCKTON: MRS. GORDON FOSTER AND CAPTAIN PATERSON

The wife of the ex-Master of the Sinnington finds racing almost as amusing an occupation as hunting and attends most of the Yorkshire meetings as well as many much further afield

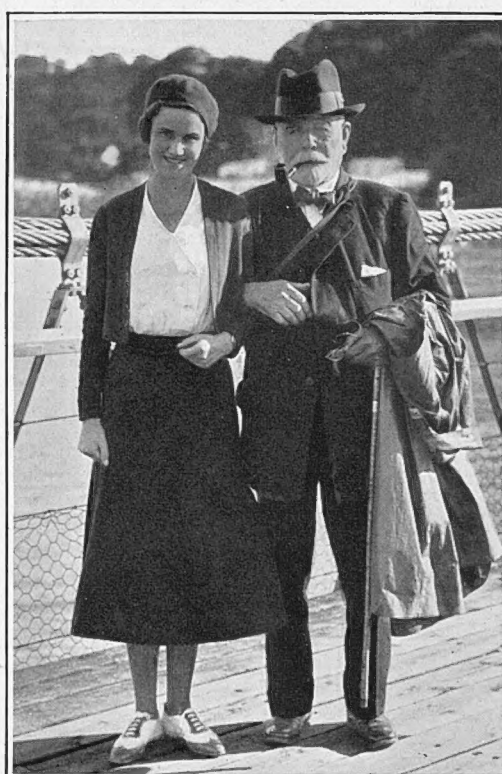


MR. AND MRS. ALBANY CHARLESWORTH

Two popular North Riding personalities photographed on the opening day at Stockton. Mr. Charlesworth and his wife, who was Miss Diana Beckett before her marriage, have a house near York, as well as a particularly good grouse moor in Swaledale

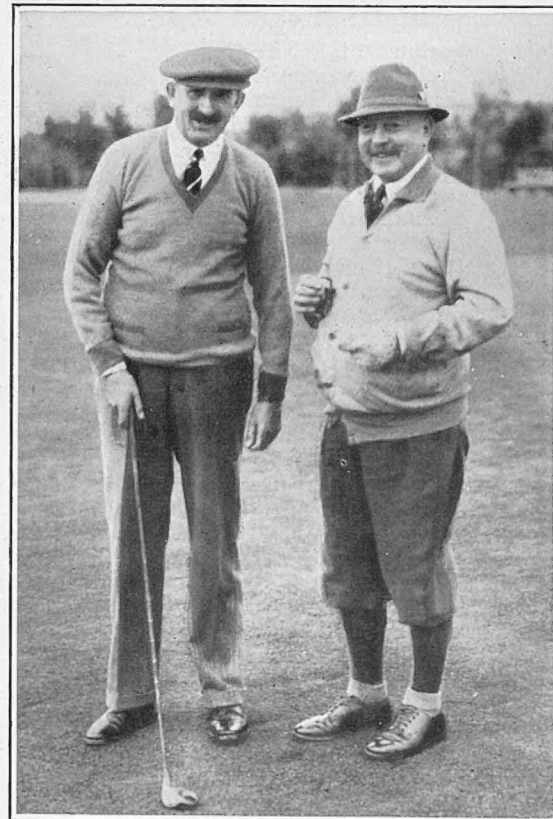


Charles Brown



Charles Brown

AT SEAVIEW: Left—LADY BLANE AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS HELEN BLANE;
Right—ADMIRAL SIR FREDERIC FISHER AND MISS VIOLET IRVINE



Arthur Owen

SOLDIER POLITICIANS AT PLAY

Major Sir George Hennessy and Major-General Lord Hutchison held up by the camera during a round on one of the Gleneagles Hotel courses, where so many ardent golfers are to be found at this time of year. Lord Hutchison, formerly Member for Montrose, and Chief Liberal Whip, 1926-30, was made a Baron in the Birthday Honours. Sir George Hennessy, who was Conservative Member for Winchester until last year, has held several political appointments, including that of Treasurer of H.M.'s Household

THE CINEMA : By LENZ

At the Regal.

A FEW months ago, at the height of the fashionable craze for *Le Million* and *A Nous la Liberté*, the glad news went around Elstree that Cecil Lewis was to make a René Clair picture. I do not know on what grounds Mr. Lewis, late of the B.B.C., was selected as the pioneer of musical whimsy on the British screen. Neither of his earlier talkies, *How He Lied to Her Husband* and *Gipsy Blood*, gave any very clear indication of fantastic ability. But Mr. Lewis was booked for a Clair picture—and *The Indiscretions of Eve* is the result.

Poor René has a lot to answer for in the movies. Since his choral policemen and creditors in *Le Million*, the bourgeois world of the cinema has burst into a frenzy of song. The caroling baker becomes a commonplace. Musical jerks are the order of the day. Cecil Lewis is only following the fashion when he opens his *Indiscretions of Eve* with a vocal relay race through the streets of London, where the statues of Nelson, the lions in Trafalgar Square, and Queen Victoria herself sing in the New Year to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

The aristocratic young hero falls in love with an unknown charmer, who happens to pose as a model in a wax mannequin factory. He buys up every model of the girl that he can find and installs them in his home in a kind of sentimental harem. From the models he discovers the name of the factory where his Eve works, and goes in search of her. For twenty odd minutes his adventures among the dummy casts in every stage of nudity and dismemberment are fast, furious, and not exactly exhilarating. Arms, legs, torso, and any convenient portion of the human anatomy plays its part in the general rough-and-tumble.

Finally the hero discovers his original charmer, and after the inevitable pre-nuptial hitch they drive away together to the promise of wedding bells, while sympathetic London again bursts into song.

Not exactly a distinguished story, but deft direction, tuneful music, and sympathetic playing might have made a hit with *The Indiscretions of Eve*, just as they did with the equally slender *Ronny* and *Il Est Charmant*. Directors who make René Clair films have got to learn the gentle art of creating something out of nothing. Cecil Lewis has not learnt it yet. His "Eve" is rather a tiresome business—trivial, noisy, and roisterous, with a servant girl mentality. His stars, Steffi Duna, Fred Conyngham, and Lester Matthews, play their parts with tremendous zest but little distinction. The whole film has a cheapish flavour, and compares badly with the other recent British "musicals," *Jack's The Boy* and *Love on Wheels*. *The Indiscretions of Eve* will be remembered for more than one person's indiscretions.

At the Plaza.

The talkie version of the old Harry Leon Wilson classic, *Merton of the Movies*, comes to the Plaza under the title, *Make Me a Star*. Time has been kind to this story of Hollywood failure and success—after ten years the compound of satire and pathos still rings true. This time it is Stuart Erwin who gate-crashes Hollywood as the small-town storekeeper with big dramatic ideas. "Please God, make me a good movie-actor,

make me one of the best," he prays every night, meaning a good movie-actor along the lines of Buck Benson, the cowboy star. At last, after a series of disappointments, he gets a job before the camera, through the good offices of a girl who works as a double for a famous film star. As a serious actor he is finally and devastatingly a "flop," but his heroics are so incredible that the director spots their value for hilarious farce, and quite unwittingly he sky-rockets to fame as a comedian.

The fact that Joan Blondell plays the hard-boiled but helpful girl-friend is reason enough to see this picture. The Blondell girl is one of the liveliest wires in Hollywood production. She never muffs a part and never lets a film down. Playing bits in the supporting cast are all the biggest stars on the Paramount pay-sheet, including Maurice Chevalier, Sylvia Sydney, Frederic Marsh, Claudette Colbert, and Clive Brook, and anyone who cares to see the machinery of a bonâ-fide studio at work will find *Make Me a Star* a happy hunting ground.



A BIRTHDAY PICTURE: ESTHER RALSTON AND DAUGHTER

This was taken on the first anniversary of the younger lady's birth, and one of them at any rate was quite unconscious of the camera. In private life Esther Ralston is Mrs. Webb, and she is the star in "Rome Express" and "After the Ball," which was made at the Paramount British Studios at Shepherd's Bush

At the Empire.

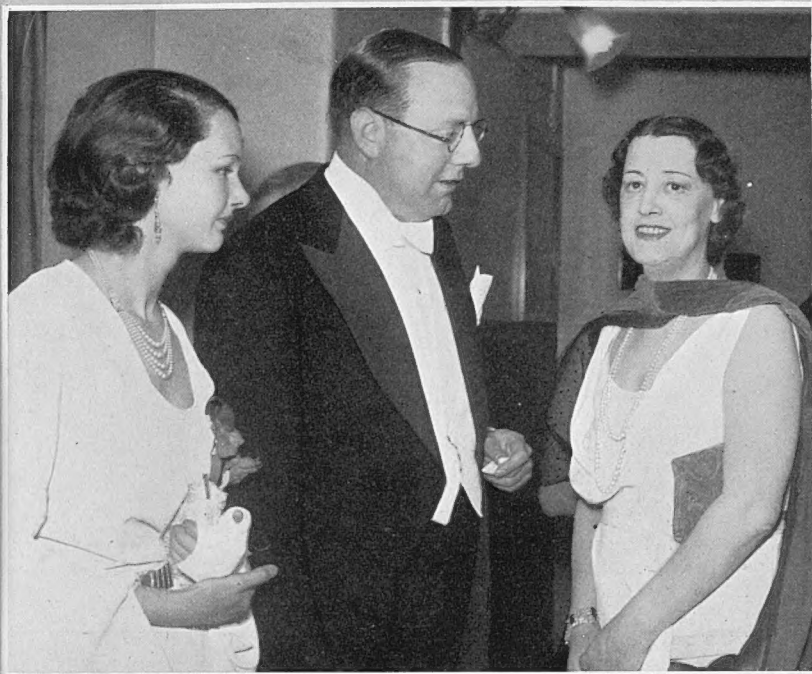
Ramon Novarro is one of the more engaging of Hollywood's senior generation of heroes; he has a nice voice for light romantic drama and a rather pleasant boyish exuberance that beats the years. But to cast Ramon as a freshman in an American university, and a football-playing freshman at that, is to ask us to credit a little too much even from those incredible homes of learning. In *The Impossible Lover*, the current feature at the Empire, Ramon plays the part of a young Italian stoker who "makes" the soccer team of Yale, only to be thrown out at the last moment through his inability to appreciate the finer public-school spirit of the campus. The motto of the film is: "It takes more than a year of college to make a gentleman," and Ramon stays long enough to qualify for that coveted rank. But if Ralph

Graves did not make a sympathetic come-back as the football coach, and if there were not a certain amusing exuberance for British audiences in the scenes of college patriotism, *The Impossible Lover* would stand a very slim chance.

In the Provinces.

The outstanding release of the week is *The Silent Voice*, adapted from the old Gouverneur Morris story, "The Man Who Played God." The story itself is curiously old-fashioned in its trend, although it represents a certain school of religious "uplift" that is popular in Hollywood at the moment; but George Arliss is one of those few players whose precision of technique gives value to the poorest material. In this film he plays Royale the Great, a musician who loses his hearing through the shock of a bomb explosion. For a time he rails against God, and even tries to take his own life. Gradually his friends persuade him to take up lip-reading, and after a while he can distinguish, with binoculars, the very words spoken by the people in the park outside his windows. In spite of himself, he gets interested in their pleasures and concerned for their troubles; and in the end he finds happiness, and gets back his faith by himself playing God to the men and women around him. The dialogue is trite and the motives obvious, and Arliss has to break through a barrier of sentimental platitude before his own dry method begins to take effect. But he does it, and makes us like it, and with the help of that highly intelligent and ornamental young lady, Bette Davis, he makes the film worth seeing.

AT THE "BEHOLD, WE LIVE" FIRST NIGHT



MISS ELIZABETH ALLEN (THE YOUNG FILM ACTRESS), MR. VICTOR SAVILLE (THE PRODUCER), AND MRS. RICHARD GUINNESS



MRS. G. E. CALTHROP AND MR. NOEL COWARD



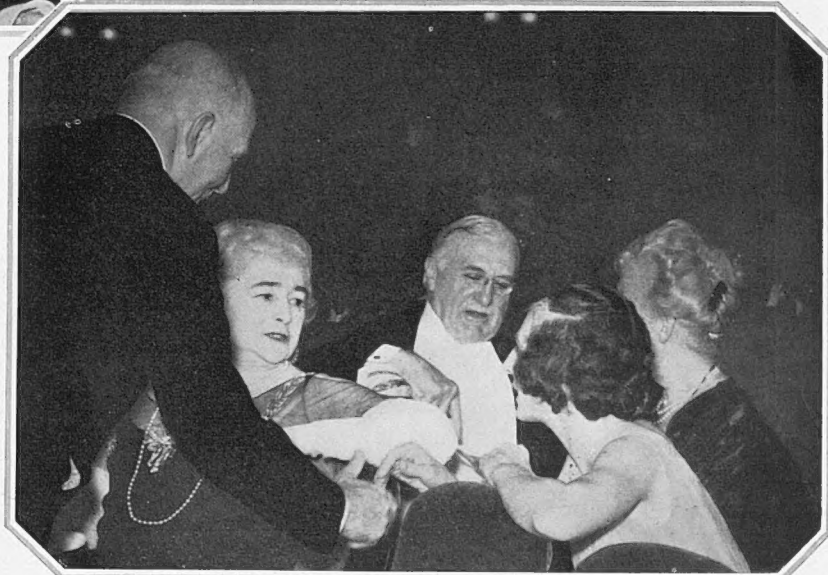
MR. GRAHAM-BROWNE AND MISS MARIE TEMPEST, HIS WIFE



MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT, MR. LESLIE HENSON, AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER

Mr. John van Druten's new play at the St. James's attracted the entire body of the professional and amateur critics, and truth to tell they and all the rest of us who were there came out of the theatre definitely depressed, for "Behold, We Live" is a story that is unhappily too true to life. The theatre-going public demands the happy ending; but there is no possibility of it here in this story of two unlucky people married to the wrong wife and husband, and it is very difficult to see any way out other than the one which Mr. Van Druten has chosen—the death of the man. If he had killed off both the unpleasant persons, the wife and husband who refused to grant a release, he would have been accused of the cheap melodramatic touch. Anyhow, a very sombre story of two badly-wrecked lives. Mr. Noel Coward, who is in the picture with Mrs. Calthrop, so well known in the world of the theatre as a designer, has come back from abroad to put the finishing touches to his new revue, "Words and Music," which opens at the Opera House in Manchester to-morrow, and at the Adelphi in London on or about September 16. It is entirely modern and contains three or four of the best musical numbers Mr. Noel Coward has ever written. There is a chorus of over thirty

Photographs by Sasha



MR. GORDON SELFRIDGE (centre), SIR THOMAS AND LADY POLSON, PRINCESS WIASEMSKY, AND LADY ALGERNON GORDON-LENNOX

RACING RAGOUT

By "GUARDRAIL"

RACING in every country, to my way of thinking, seems to have its own atmosphere. In England, with the exception of Ascot, which has its social side and stands by itself the world over, the atmosphere is one of a serious and rigid business, conducted by enthusiasts according to the strictest rules, laws, ethics, and precedents. In Ireland the feeling is rather one of subterranean and Machiavellian plots which, like their financial policies, seldom materialize, and of which the details are known to all except the deaf cloak-room attendant. In France the idea is that of an amusement and entertainment, a "grand gala" for the masses (and the pari-mutuel), with an occasional cabaret turn of some horses to decide who gets the prizes in the "grand tombola." To start with the first race is advertised for, say, three o'clock, but this does not necessitate rushing over the luncheon coffee to be in time to back the winner of the two-year-old "selling." The race will start when the betting on the pari-mutuel is finished, and shall be deemed to have started at 3 p.m. on the day advertised unless a Sunday intervenes. Take the only Grand Prix I've ever seen (or rather attended). Inside the paddock was an enormous crowd of holiday makers, sitting on the garden seats and chairs which were profusely scattered everywhere; a happy, smiling throng who showed but little resentment to the horses occasionally spoiling the games of the children who were playing round them. At about the advertised time for the start of the big race (about 3.30) the annoyance from the number of horses increased, as mostly coloured gentlemen in one boot or none at all appeared from all directions leading irritable looking candidates. There being no parading ring it was a marvel that no one was damaged.

About an hour later the President of the Republic and the various ambassadors and diplomatic representatives formed a formal procession, and amid much cheering went to inspect the horses. This led to the jockeys mounting, and for another twenty minutes the candidates (by this time in such a state of sweat and nerves as to be unfit to run for an egg and spoon race) were led round and round. Just under an hour and a half

after the advertised time of the race the horses arrived at the post, where they again waited till the pari-mutuel signalled that they might be despatched. It was now only a matter of seven false starts before they were off with the three English candidates "flat-footed." The mob having carried all the garden seats and chairs into the space in front of the stand and stood on them, I was left choking in the dust raised from the grey shale shingle with which the enclosure is carpeted, and so saw as little of the actual race as anyone else. It was, however, a great day out, and we got back to Paris in time

for dinner, but were too idle to go back after supper to see the last race. Those who propose a visit to France for racing or otherwise, and have not been for some years, must entirely readjust their perspective to a new set of values from the bronze age in which they went. In those halcyon days, for a bronze franc or two, every sky-blue peaked cap would be doffed, while for a louis, suborning on a grand scale could be accomplished.

France has now reached the paper era and, until you have learnt the game, the bronze will be unloaded on you. At the end of the first day your pockets will be loaded up with metal counters which rate as follows: The 10-centime piece, a large copper coin with which you can buy nothing, can be exchanged like cigarette coupons when sufficient have been collected for a small piece of stainless steel with a hole in it, which is also worth nothing. A collection of these can in time be converted into a diminutive piece of brass which is also valueless but is rather in the nature of the "super frothblowers" badge, and some of these can be converted into a bronze franc. The only thing this will buy is a box of green sticks with a substance like hard-boiled yolk of egg on the end, which when rubbed on the box will melt and ignite on reaching one's white flannel trousers. No professional humorous diner out should be without these. A handful of these bronze coins can be swapped under pressure for a 5-franc note, a piece of paper (which must have cost more than that to print), and is just sufficiently valuable to cause a porter to spit at you if you offered it for a *pourboire*. Its real use is for purchasing articles which cost an odd number of francs such as 11. This is settled with a 10-franc and a 5-franc note, the odd four francs being in the form of a gift to avoid carrying a stone extra of baser metal change.

It is only in the casinos, those haunts of merriment and lightly come, lightly gone money, that one sees circles of intense and prematurely-aged women gambling to the nearest sou. The 50 franc and 150 franc notes are made so much alike in shape and colour that it is easy to give a 100 in mistake for a 50, but almost impossible to do the reverse. No one possesses a *mille*, so you needn't worry about that. Putting aside all badinage, French racing does produce what we do not, stayers, and it would be a good thing for English racing if a few more mares of the calibre of Brulette were imported.



CAPTAIN AND MRS. HARRY TUFTON

The caricaturist's fleeting impression at a recent race meeting somewhere in England, where the regulars have found it as hot as Tophet during the past weeks



AT STOCKTON: CAPTAIN RILEY LORD AND LADY HILL

In a sun-spot last week. England believed that it had a heat wave, and all the courses were like hard-bake or coke. Captain Riley Lord is well known up in the North both in the racing and hunting worlds

AMONG THOSE PRESENT AT DEAUVILLE RACES



SIR WARDEN CHILCOTT WITH LADY (AUSTEN) CHAMBERLAIN AND MISS DIANE CHAMBERLAIN



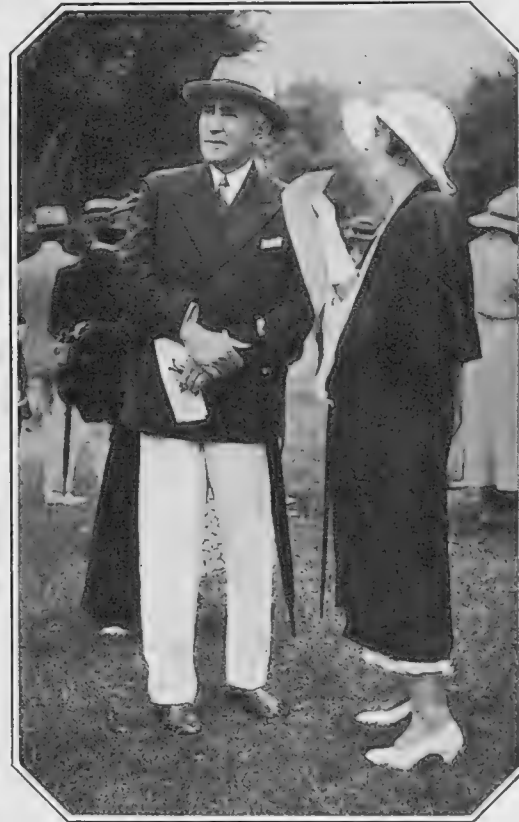
MRS. GILBERT, MISS MARIE GILBERT, AND THEIR VILLA GUESTS, MISS D. DAVIDSON, MR. EDWARD SWINTON, AND MR. RODDIE DENMAN



BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. MARCHANT



BARON TENARD AND MISS E. LOWTHER



LADY LATTÀ AND ADMIRAL LONG

Those who attend French race meetings are always impressed by the picturesque spaciousness of the settings and the excellent arrangements made for the well-being of spectators. This is particularly the case at Deauville, where last week's fixture provided good entertainment. Sir Warden Chilcott is usually cruising at this time of year, but his yacht, "Dolphin," is at present chartered by the Edward Willises at Cannes. Sir Austen Chamberlain's wife and daughter are often in Deauville, as they have a villa at Houlgate for the season. Miss Marie Gilbert, a very pretty young American, wore white for the races, while Miss Daphne Davidson was in a royal blue velvet waterproof. Mr. Roddie Denman, who is well known at Heston Airport, married Miss Charlotte d'Erlanger. General T. H. Marchant used to be assistant polo manager at Hurlingham; he has been umpiring some of Deauville's big matches, including the contest for the Coupe Guillaume le Conquérant. Miss Edith Lowther, the clever and good-looking elder daughter of Alice Lady Lowther, is a kinswoman of Lord Lonsdale. Admiral Long did the races in the greatest comfort, as he was staying with the Macombers at their near-by château. Lady Latta and her husband, Sir John Latta, are two of Deauville's habitués

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Lost Art of Being Still.

TO paraphrase the last lines of a well-known verse:

The gentle art of being still
Is all this sad world needs.

And this for a very good reason. If the world hadn't lost the art of being still people might have time to think more deeply. And having thought deeply, who knows but that the millennium might arrive next Tuesday morning. Alas! I am prophesying in fairy tales. Very few people can be still for a moment, unless, peradventure, they are ill. Restlessness is the order of the modern day. Not restlessness in order to achieve something marvellous, but merely restlessness in order to avoid doing nothing, and in doing nothing to avoid any contemplation of the verities. Not one person in ten seems capable of finding something approaching happiness by himself. To be alone is to feel lonely, and most people will go to almost any lengths in order to avoid that. Unless they are for ever chattering they feel they are stagnating. It is very strange, this passion to be one of a crowd—this terror of finding much of one's happiness by oneself. And since the world is so crowded, and instinctively each one of us migrates towards the herd, people are beginning to forget the depths of truth which are to be found only amid silence, the revelation which comes to us from within the quiet stillness of our own thoughts. And yet, the more men and women rub shoulders with one another the more friction is engendered, and, with friction, the less common sense. Man may not have been born to live alone, but unless he be alone quite often he loses one of the secrets of life's happiness and loses it in a noisy pother of bickering, argument, and petty jealousy, until sometimes he fritters the great gift of his own soul away, catching second-hand opinions, empty prejudice, and other people's mass hysteria like a disease. You have only to place in juxtaposition the mental poise of those who live in the more empty spaces, and those who pass their lives in the crowded arena of factories and work-shops, to realize why the more clap-trap agitators find their greatest harvest in the towns. And I am firmly convinced that more than half the failure of marriage is due not to the clash of opposing temperament, but simply to the inability of either partner to get away from the other without the embarrassment of well-laid plans and excuses. The relentless proximity of married life creates an impossible situation, human nature being what it is, unless both man and wife have reached that stage of perfect friendship which can be happy in silence and grows deeper and wider and higher without necessarily uttering a word. It was when Man made his God *talk* that His followers turned religion into an argument. The silent films never bored us like so many talkies do, and opera-in-English is the divine language of music translated by a house-maid. And as in worship and in friendship so in the noisier aspects of everyday life. The ideal of success is not to find the truth according to your own happiness and philosophy, and to live it out to its triumphant end, but to stand on a metaphorical tub screaming louder than other men. No wonder the world is full of nonentities gesticulating wildly in the beams of their own limelight, each one trying to justify his or her existence, not by *being* something unique unto himself but by *doing* something in an effort to *épâter les bourgeois*. Either you must give better parties than your neighbours, or dress more stylishly, or make more money, or die for an unpopular cause, or see more definitely than the rest the outline of absolute Right and absolute Wrong, or propel a mechanical vehicle faster than the man in front; get somewhere, somehow, and become pompous and spectacular when you get there. Yet nobody really cares unless they can get, or have gotten, something out of you in the process. In five hundred years nobody will care at all! In the meanwhile, all the lovely little things of life have doubtless passed you by. The age-long wisdom of the heavens, the happiness of being helpful, the joyfulness of going without for some purpose

not entirely our own. Silence, contemplation, the deeper love, the more enduring friendship; that aloneness which reveals, if not God, then the things which belong to God. You have only to contemplate the inward expression of those who have made success and exhibitionism their idols to realize how they have reached the end of their goal only to be turned empty away.

Not one small sanctuary in the whole of their outwardly triumphant existence. And without one small sanctuary, guarded as we go along, fiercely, and beautified more and more as we approach the end, life is just like Irish politics. And this applies both to those who succeed and to those who fail; only those who have been *happy* are, however, above and beyond success.

Fragrance from Out the Past.

Say what you will about past years, life, at any rate, was infinitely more dignified then. People years ago had time to know a little of themselves and of their neighbours and to study the surroundings in which fate had placed them. They were not, as happens to-day, made to keep jumping for their lives while crossing roads because of a cad behind a klaxon. They could *proceed*! And so the novels of years ago were often in the order of a procession. And, although "The Private Life of Mr. Justice Syme" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), by the late Lucas Malet, is a new if posthumous novel, it really belongs to the Edwardian tradition. It moves as stately as a dowager; there is no skimping in its drapery; above all it has *character*. Nevertheless it is a story woven around the eternal triangle—but how different from the modern angle! Here is no coming unstuck of something which was never much more than merely flung together. Rather it is an upheaval—the distant relative of an earthquake. Sir Robert Syme has married Barbara Heritage, familiar to readers of an earlier novel, who is over twenty years his junior. Barbara had married him more because she wanted to escape the ogre of poverty than because she loved him. But she respected him, respected his fine intellect and moral integrity. If, in parenthesis, that ever kept a wife at home were a lover at the gate? Nevertheless, there is Denison Fisher, a young barrister, who curiously enough believes himself in love with Barbara, while for the sake of her fortune he is contracting a mercenary marriage with her step-daughter, Marie Louise,



Bertram Park

MISS PHILLIPA NASH

The pretty daughter of Major-General Sir Philip Nash, K.C.M.G., C.B., who is Vice-President of the British and Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers, Ltd., and a prominent industrialist. Sir Philip Nash was Director-General Transportation Western Front, 1918, and afterwards D.G. Traffic, Ministry of Transport



Yvonne Gregory

MR. OLIVER MESSEL

The famous young artist and designer, to whose capable hands Mr. C. B. Cochran has committed the décor and costumes of the forthcoming production of "A Winter's Tale." No one better than Mr. Oliver Messel could have been selected

YES, INDEED, NO!

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



Lady (listening to friend's wireless): Be 'em talking Welsh now, Mrs. Clibbit?
Mrs. Clibbit: Oh no, that's wot they do call atmospherics, Mrs. Green

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

a revolting girl. Curiously enough, Barbara did not repulse Denison as she should have done had she played up to type. It is, I suppose, always very difficult for a woman to turn any man who professes to love her completely out of her life. There may not be anyone else to take his place. It is like ignoring an enormous compliment. So a distorted view of the true situation is at last seen by Sir Robert. This is his tragedy; this is the problem he has to solve in his private life, while in his public life he is engaged in trying a woman and her lover for the murder of the woman's husband. The story is told with a wealth of detail which refuses to be hurried. And yet, although the material is massive, the result is not monumental, at least not in any gloomy sense. You read on and on, and always you are interested without ever being actually thrilled. The result is a long novel the atmosphere of which is peculiarly restful—sedate, with the blessed gift of character. And if the happy ending seems not too convincing, yet that, too, is in the tradition of such novels. The good *should* have the right thing done to them at the end.

* *

The Collected
Poems of D. H.
Lawrence.

The first effect of reading Lawrence's "Collected Poems" (Secker. 10s. 6d.), is curiously contradictory. Some are lovely, others not so much ugly as ungainly both in subject and expression. Yet here, and how often, come lines of unforgettable beauty and psychic revelation. Among the shorter poems the one called "Twilight" I have learnt by heart, not only because it is beautiful, but because it reveals a thought which has always impressed the consciousness without, so far as I am concerned, ever having been clothed in words—

Darkness comes out of the earth,
And swallows dip into the pallor of the west;
From the hay comes the clamour of children's mirth;
Wanes the old palimpsest.

The night-stock oozes scent,
And a moon-blue moth goes flittering by;
All that the worldly day has meant
Wastes like a lie.

The children have forsaken their play;
A single star in a veil of light
Glimmers; litter of day
Is gone from sight.

* * *

Two Novels for "Loungers."

Most of us are, I expect, lounging somehow, somewhere, these days. Lounging physically as well as mentally. This being so, and deck chairs being what they are, let me bring to your notice two novels, "Impatient Virgin" (Long. 7s. 6d.), by Donald Henderson, and "The Marriages of Georgia" (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), by Lady Troubridge, neither of which will require the faintest effort mentally, and you can go to sleep and pick up the threads again without the least fear of having dropped so much as one. They are both as plain sailing as a holiday cruise around the Isle of Wight. Ruth Robins was the impatient virgin. She was brought up by an uncle in the belief that instinct, after all, is a child's best guide. So Ruth yearned for a palace and to be taken by a lover "in his stride." Consequently, when she

met Myron Brown she very properly began to thrill. Alas! there was too much Brown and too little Myron in the man's make-up, so she refused to marry him even when his own instincts had presented her with a baby. At the end of a few haphazard adventures on her own, however, Ruth decided that she really wanted him as a husband after all. Thereupon she drove 160 miles through a driving blizzard to rescue him from his two quite dreadful parents. And unfortunately, or so it seemed to me, Myron was at home when Ruth arrived. Georgia also had instincts, certainly, but she inherited ten million pounds, which was infinitely better. All the same, when she was poor she wanted Patrick Otway to love her. He wouldn't. So she married Ted Boynton, got tired of him, divorced him, and tried to lure Patrick once again. Still he wouldn't. So she married Sabler, and, later on, divorced him. Back to Patrick once more. Fourth time lucky. She married him. But, alas! her troubles were not yet at an end. Such a lot of money, so many divorces. She had so got into the habit of divorcing that she really didn't know

what to do with Pat now that she had him for keeps. The inevitable reaction in marriage, however, found Patrick bidding farewell to Georgia. And, on the whole, he was much luckier than the poor man whom Ruth Robins ran to earth at last. He did get away.

* *

The Woman
who got what
She Wanted.

I wonder if we got most of the things we wanted whether we should turn out something like "Mrs.

Taylor" (Cape. 7s. 6d.) whom Miss Marjorie Worthington satirizes so amusingly. She was rich, she was free, she could buy her own peace. There had been a Mr. Taylor, but it is a curious fact that, while there are an enormous number of happy widows, there are very few happy widowers. And this is strange because there is an innumerable number of unhappily married men. In their private lives men so seldom seem to learn by experience. Women are different. Mrs. Taylor knew exactly what she wanted, but best of all she knew how to prevent the things she didn't want from disturbing her inner repose. For example, she didn't really want her second husband, nor her Pekingese dog, but a husband had become a habit and a dog was a distraction, so she simply bowed to tradition. She loved her garden, however, but only so long as a good gardener did all the work. She read out a paper to the local guild of grace on "How I made a white garden for July," and life had a happy tremor for her for weeks. She went to Paris, but was very bored after she had shopped, bought some clothes, and decided what presents she should bring back and who among her friends were worthy. Then, still searching for a tremor, she found a wastrel and tried to reform him. But presently he borrowed money from her and so love flew out of the window. Then she returned to her fat husband, but only because after all he did not disturb her life. A well-fed peacefulness was all she wanted. Miss Worthington has cleverly drawn this portrait of a mindless woman and succeeds all the way through in making you laugh loud while you yearn to smack hard. There are lots of Mrs. Taylors in this world and they all belong to the nauseating percentage—its least harmful stratum, however. Yet almost invariably they are good company in books. Mrs. Taylor is.



The Village Blacksmith's assistant strikes (for higher wages) while the Iron is hot

A SON AND HEIR IN STAGELAND



MRS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE AND SON AND (inset) MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE

This new little baby was born almost at the same moment as his distinguished father was getting his make-up off at the Malvern Theatre after being condemned by Mr. Bernard Shaw to be a parson with burglarious instincts in "Too True To Be Good," which Mr. Shaw says is a terrific success and is bound to take both Birmingham and London (Queen's Theatre, mid-September) by storm. The main body of the critics do not agree with Mr. Shaw, and apparently only enjoyed their aeroplane trip to Malvern. However, *nous verrons!* Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke in her stage entity is that charming actress-producer, Helena Pickard. It is quite superfluous to say anything banal about "mother and son doing well." Look at 'em!

Photographs by Sasha

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Air Disarmament.

ALL the proposals for aerial disarmament put forward at Geneva have been either negative or nonsensical; yet aviation, as I shall hope to show, could have been made the basis for practical and constructive peace proposals. It could have been made the basis for more genuinely promising and progressive proposals than any that have yet been made. Unfortunately the British delegates seem ill-instructed in aeronautics. Nor do their remarks suggest that they have made the smallest effort to familiarize themselves with aviation before bursting into song about it. Lord Cecil and Sir John Simon have not seen farther than the abolition of bombing and the internationalizing of civil aviation—two worn-out, negative, and unpractical ideas.

Not only is it aeronautically regrettable that no attempt has been made to show that aviation could be peace's most powerful ally; but it is also an indictment of the most serious kind of the intelligence and knowledge of the Air Ministry. In the matter of peace proposals the Air Ministry authorities, who presumably advise the politicians in these matters, have proved that they lack originality of thought, and even ordinary common sense. Had there been anyone with the gumption of a three-hundred-a-year commercial traveller at the head of British aviation, Geneva could have been made flying's greatest opportunity.

Instead it is flying's greatest failure. Throughout those conferences flying has been held up as the arch-enemy of mankind and no one has spoken in its defence. Throughout it has been shame-faced and submissive, as if doubtful of its own right to exist among the pale-faced peace platitudinarians. Not once did anyone rise and attempt to justify the existence of aviation or point to its humane police work in Aden, India, Iraq, and elsewhere. Instead, aviation cowered beneath the most ill-informed and inaccurate series of accusations that have ever been made. And since then Mr. Handley Page is the only person—in the columns of "The Observer"—who has ventured to show how vague and incompetent are the aerial disarmament proposals.

Yet all the time the chance was crying out to be taken—the chance of offering to the world a strongly positive and constructive programme of peace by penetration. Britain should have presented a fully worked-out scheme for progressively deflecting aviation from war to peace; for gradually turning air forces to mail-carrying, to passenger-carrying and governmental communications; and at the same time for building up civil aviation and freeing it from its bonds so that it might form and strengthen international friendships. Only by a gradual transference of effort from the military side to the civil side can the peaceful powers of flying be developed and the war powers diminished without throwing large numbers of people out of work and endangering the country's security.

Imperial Airways.

It would be especially unfortunate if misguided and nonsensical disarmament fumbblings should be allowed to interfere at this stage with commercial flying, which is now experiencing its

peak period. Imperial Airways has been carrying more than 1,300 passengers a week on the cross-Channel routes, and at the holiday period this figure was greatly surpassed. In four days 674 passengers were carried on the London-Paris route, and 103 on the London-Basle. By air the entire journey from London to Basle takes 5½ hours.

Air Service Training.

Once again additions have had to be made to the fleet of training aircraft operated by Air Service Training, Ltd., the Hamble school, and the total number of aeroplanes used for instruction there is now sixteen. Air Service Training will take a pupil in charge and turn him out a highly competent professional pilot, skilled in every form of flying technique and, what I regard as still more important, well grounded in a sound and safe *air code*. As much importance is attached by Flight-Lieutenant Jenkins to inculcating a sound and safe outlook upon flying in general as to teaching the correct handling of the controls. The Air Service Training pupil will be unlikely to play the fool or to take unnecessary risks. I cannot name a better flying school than this, especially for those who take a serious interest in aeronautics.



LORD GRIMTHORPE OPENS THE SCARBOROUGH AERO CLUB

Lord Grimthorpe arrived in his Puss Moth plane to open the Scarborough Aero Club's new aerodrome at East Heslerton, near Scarborough. There was a big assemblage of flying enthusiasts from all parts, and some fine stunt-flying was given by a fleet of planes. Lord Grimthorpe (fifth from right), with Major Jack Shaw (president of the club) next, Mr. F. W. Morgan (secretary) next, and members of the club coming up to the aerodrome to their machines after the opening ceremony

Royal Naval Flying Club.

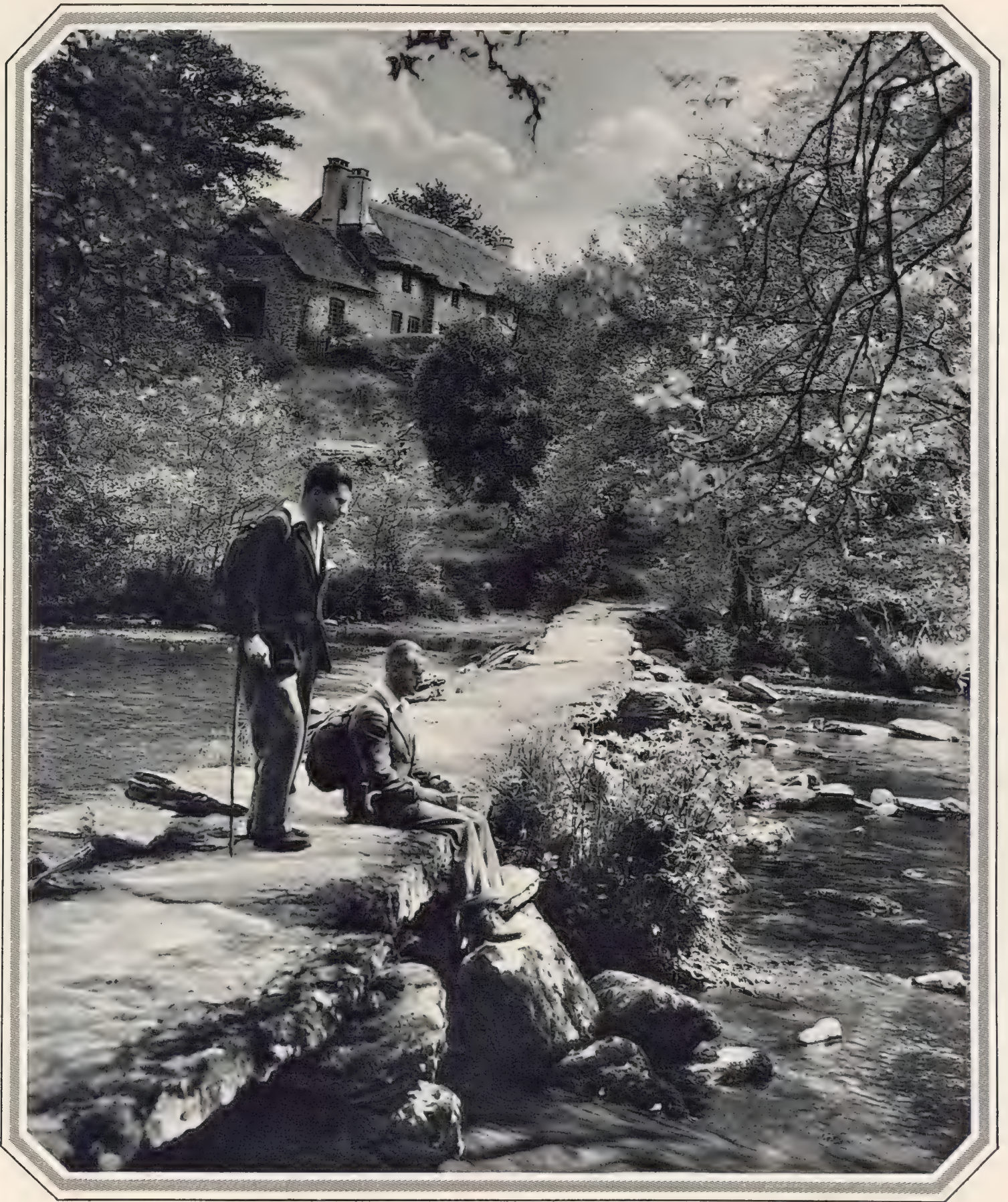
The Royal Naval Flying Club, which Lieut.-Commander C. N. Colson helped to launch, now has 134 home members, 2 hon. members, and 69 other registered members. Among them are 67 "A" licence pilots, 6 "B" licence pilots, 61 Fleet air arm pilots, 15 ex-Fleet air arm pilots, 11 observers, and 2 ex-observers. Lieutenant G. G. R. Rodd has been elected hon. secretary to the club in Lieut.-Commander Colson's place. Lieut.-

Commander Colson had to resign his position owing to the pressure of other work. This club is gradually finding its feet, and it seems likely that it will prove extremely popular in the future. It was born of a good idea and it is well organized.

At Heston and Brooklands.

The flying pupils and aeroplane owners who frequent Heston provide a sort of aerial "Who's Who." It seems that everyone with any claim to being a "Who" is also a Hestonite. Lady Kathleen Rollo's young son and daughter have been joy-riding at Heston, and perhaps one may forecast that that will lead one day to their flying their own aeroplanes like their mother. Lady Howard de Walden and family, who have until lately been flying at Heston, have had their aeroplane taken down to Wrexham for them by a pilot of Airwork School of Flying.

Sir Robert East Clayton, who has done a good deal of flying in various parts of the world, is now training at Brooklands for his "B" licence. Mr. Penn Hughes, the motor-car racing driver, and Mr. Telders, son of the managing director of the Royal Dutch Air Line, have done their first solos. Three Indian pupils, Messrs. Gadzar, Morad, and Gadgil, have completed blind flying courses at Brooklands.



THIS ENGLAND: TARR STEPS, ON THE RIVER BARLE, SOMERSET

O'er crystal beauty that no words can say,
Speech casts a slur. Gone were each shining tree,
The radiant valley changed to dullest grey.

But we, in silence, know our lovely things,
Through the deep tides of soundless ecstasy,
Hear the far music of the spirit's wings.

From "Silence," by L. Riddell-Webster

'WAY UP NORTH!



AT THE "REDAN" TEE, NORTH BERWICK: THREE GENERATIONS, CAPTAIN THE HON. RICHARD AND MRS. LEGH, HUGO AND PETER LEGH (THEIR SONS), AND LORD NEWTON (THE HON. RICHARD LEGH'S FATHER)



AT THE HOWICK FÊTE: LORD GREY, MRS. A. J. K. TODD AND SIR STEPHEN AITCHISON



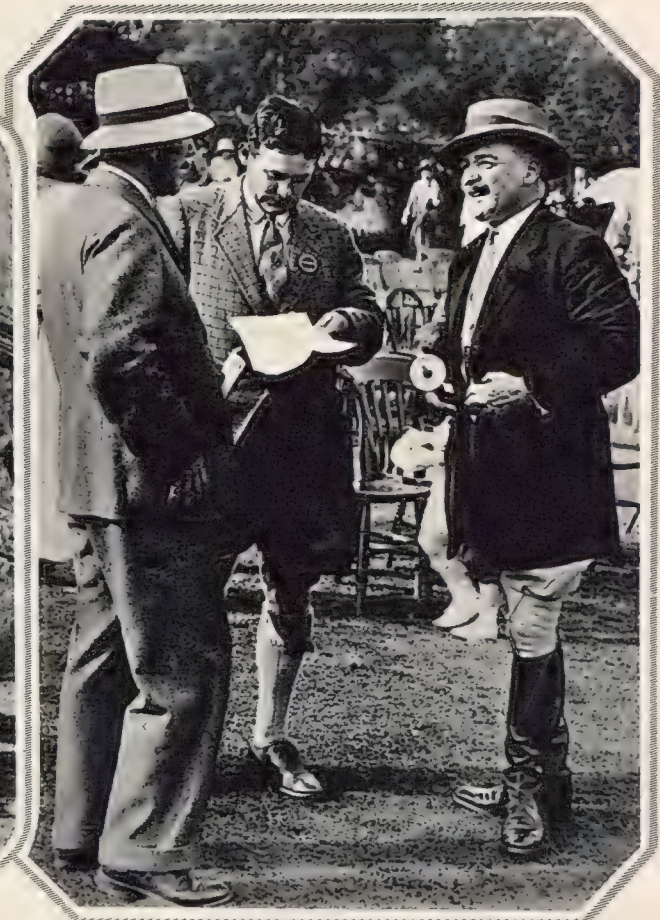
AT THE ROTHESAY GAMES: LORD PATRICK, AND LORD ROBERT CRICHTON-STUART AND (CENTRE) A FRIEND



AT AIRLIE FLOWER SHOW: MR. CHARLES OGILVIE, SIR HARRY HOPE, AND THE DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, M.P.

Some more evidence of the social tidal wave that has swept northward to play golf; pop the grouse-bird over with that still-popular weapon, the "grouse rifle"; attend Highland games; fish, and so forth. The "three generations" picture at the famous Redan tee at North Berwick was a clever bag by the photographer. The Hon. Mrs. Richard Legh is a daughter of the late Lord Knaresborough. The two boys are the two younger sons. The eldest is Peter Legh, who was born in 1915. Lord Newton used to be in the Diplomatic Service. Lord Grey lent his grounds at Howick, Northumberland, for the Red Cross Fête at which the picture was taken. He is a nephew of Mary, Countess of Minto. Sir Stephen Aitchison's seat is Lemington Hall, Alnwick. Lord Patrick and Lord Robert are two of the younger sons of the Marquess of Bute, and were at the North Bute Shinty Club's Games at Rothesay. The Duchess of Atholl opened the Airlie-Forfarshire Flower Show. Sir Harry Hope of Kinettles is an ex-M.P. for Forfarshire.

A GYMKHANA AT BREAMORE



SOME OF THE HON. LADY HULSE'S GUESTS AT BREAMORE PARK,
NEAR SALISBURY
(Left to right.) Col. the Hon. William Lawson, Miss Maxse, Sir Westrow and Lady Hulse, the Hon.
Lady Hulse, Miss Patricia Harrison and Master Simon Bennett

CAPTAIN RUTHERFORD AND MR. E. J. STANFORD
(Stewards), AND MAJOR FAUDEL-PHILLIPS (Judge)



LADY CHARLTON AND HER DAUGHTER, ROSEMARY

MISS FANNY FLETCHER, MISS VIVIAN JOHN, MR. CASPAR JOHN,
SIR AUGUSTUS JOHN AND LADY LETTICE ASHLEY-COOPER

The Hon. Lady Hulse, at whose house—Breamore Park, near Salisbury—this gymkhana was run, is Lord Burnham's only sister and the widow of the late Sir Edward Hulse, the sixth Baronet. Sir Westrow Hulse is the son of the late Baronet, the eighth. The Hon. William Lawson is Lord Burnham's brother. They were at Eton together, and Lord Burnham, as most people know, used to be the principal proprietor of the "Daily Telegraph." Sir Augustus John and family hardly need any introduction. Lady Charlton, who is with one of her daughters, is the wife of Admiral Sir Edward Charlton. Everybody seemed to enjoy him and herself, and this in spite of the hideous risks which the intrepid performers usually are asked to encounter at Gymkhanas. The Stewards and Judges manifested the highest degree of efficiency and everything went splendidly



THE SEÑORA MARTINEZ DE HOZ

A picture taken recently in the Isle of Wight, which before, during, and after Cowes was, and is, full of people. Señor Martinez de Hoz is well known in the Argentine polo and racing worlds, and during H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's visit Señor and Señora Martinez de Hoz had the honour of entertaining H.R.H. Señor Martinez de Hoz owns "Mon Talisman," the French Derby winner

TRÈS CHER,—By the time you receive this the divorce news that has jolted us in Paris may be an ancient story to you!

No! I am not alluding to the Yvonne Vallée—Maurice Chevalier estrangement—that seems to be an affair of film politics . . . though where will he find such another little cheese-paring spouse?—but to the more history-making separation of Yvonne Printemps and Sacha Guitry. Rumours began, of course, when they suddenly rang down and ceased to play for three or four days last spring . . . especially as it coincided with the disappearance of a young actor who played in their company last year. The actor's wife, it was said, "put Sacha wise," and there was a helluvarow . . . this was hushed up, however; Yvonne returned to the dovecot and all was, apparently, forgiven and forgotten! Now, alas! we hear that Sacha is in the South, and Yvonne has been seen, staying at the "Georges V." in Paris, having a good time and going about with her girl friends, looking gay and happy and, above all, free. The divorce will be pronounced—as we say over here—"to the mutual errors" of the no longer happy pair.

I have been moving around a bit since last I wrote! My Lord and Master, who is not a seaman, got the fidgets down on the island; and the mountains called to him alluringly. Being a dutiful spouse (even if it isn't fashionable), and as the new boat isn't yet in commission, I was quite ready for a change.

Priscilla in Paris

Here we are at Cauterets, in the "high Pyrenees," and a very lovely starting-off place it is, too! Wonderful excursions and all that, and—oh, laddie—what air!

The trip down from the island was pleasant—not that the road between Noirmoutier and Bordeaux is anything to rave about, except that we had the luck to hit a sunset hour at La Rochelle that made the picturesque harbour look even more lovely than it is.

I loved the long spin next day through the pine forests of the Landes, between Bordeaux and Mont de Marsan—where the food is so good. Ah, that succulent dish known as *confit d'oie*! (I must get Marcel Boulestin to write about it for your edification in the *Daily Telegraph*.) Tarbes was a sweltering desert, and the only miracle we prayed for as we came through Lourdes was to be vouchsafed a breath of air. Twenty kilometres further on this was answered as we began the long climb that takes one from the altitude of 410 metres at Lourdes to the 932 at Cauterets. May I boast a little here—an honest boast—and tell you that our six-year-old Miss Chrysler did it "on top," bless her stout little heart! Funny, isn't it, the kick one gets in coaxing the best out of one's car, especially when she is getting on in life and one's richer friends are bragging about their new umpteen-cylinder Whatnots?

I hate to think of the final passing out of my car. I wish I could afford to keep my old cars always—snug and nice in a comfy garage, all polished, oiled and tanked up, ready to be taken out occasionally and gentled over sweet-surfaced roads. I suppose I'm a fool—but what's the betting I'm not alone in that sort of foolishness?

We are staying here at the Hotel de France, and it seems to be a favourite haunt of G.B.'s abroad. A most attractive place, built around a tree-planted space, gay with flowers and climbing things—those lovely little deep red roses, those great flaunting orange nasturtiums and discreet, gorgeously scented little white flowers—jasmine, aren't they?

A famous American General is here also—in what I would call "ostentatious incognito." His suite comprises the yappiest little Peke I have ever taken a dislike to—funny how the grand old men of the world often have a weakness for lap-dogs!

But may I introduce you to Mlle. Rouhette, mine host's daughter? Such a little while ago she was a mere babe in socks whom everybody called Nini, and now she has become the most accomplished *jeune fille*. All sports come alike to her: she rides at dawn (and what a leg for a boot—oh, son!) sees to the marketing (and what food, dear lad!) plays a hard game of tennis, takes the kiddies on at ping-pong during the dull hours that follow lunch, and beats their lethargic papas at the billiards-table or at bridge when their digestions have had their way with them! Her dancing is as light as the mountain air, and her knowledge of mountaineering almost equals that of Dominique, the famous guide. And what a way she has with the hotel staff! When Arnold Bennett wrote "Imperial Palace" I could hardly believe in his heroine—but now I have met this clever little lady I know that he was right.

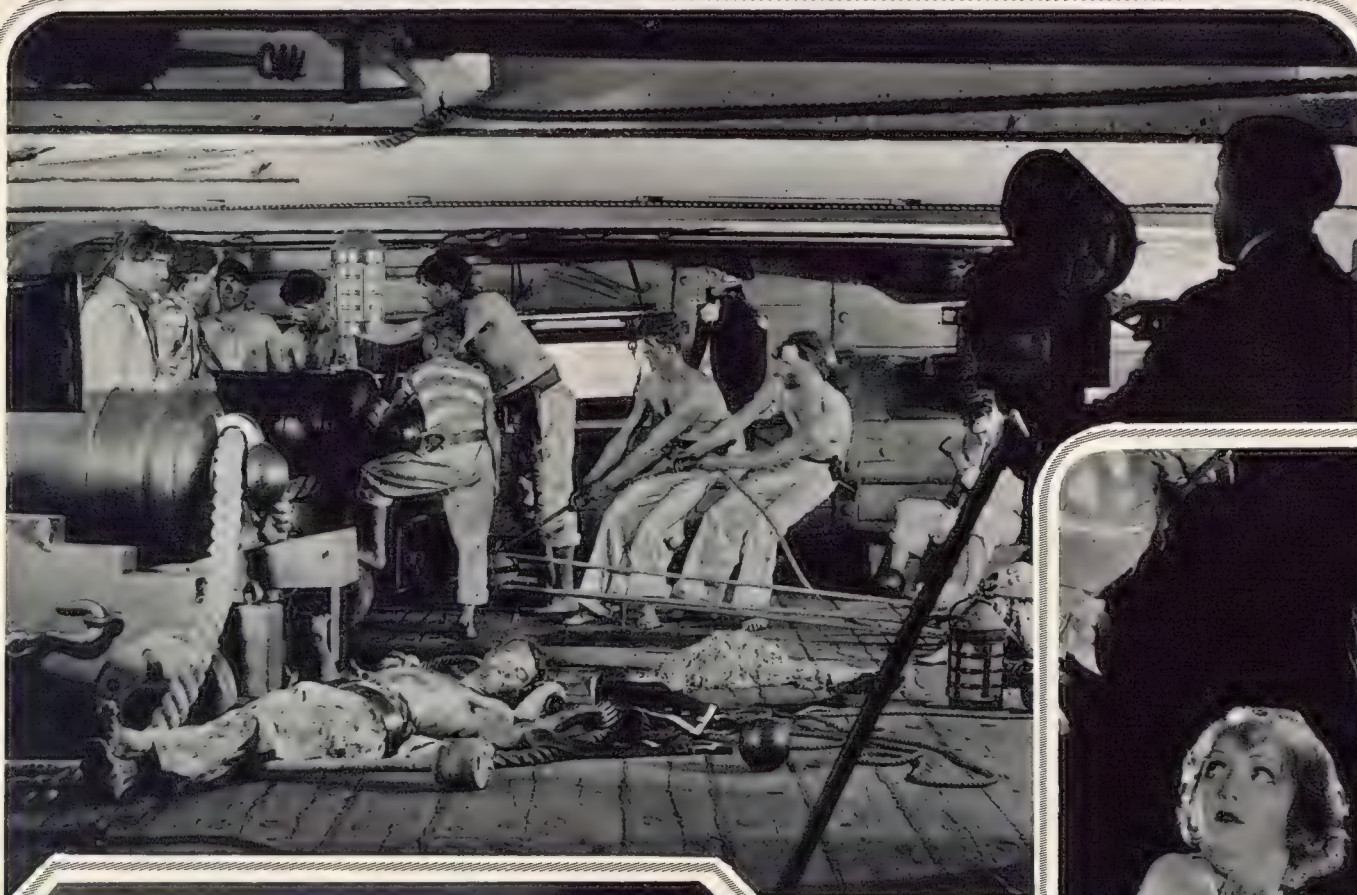
With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



TANNING AT ANTIBES: MRS. W. B. FRYE

On the rocks at Antibes, in her white swimming suit, Mrs. W. B. Frye looks most attractive. She is one of the smartest English-Parisians. She lives in that Gay City and is seen at many amusing parties. Like many of the best people, she has trekked South



A GREAT
SEA-
FIGHT
FILM
AND
SOME
OTHERS



SERVING THE
GUNS IN H.M.S.
"VICTORY"

The great interest in this British picture of Trafalgar, which is being made by Butcher's Film Service, under the direction of Mr. John Betts, is that scenes like the above were actually shot in Nelson's old ship at Portsmouth, and so the main detail is necessarily correct. There was not much sea on when the battle began, but even so it is probable that the round shot were not left loose as we see them in this picture. The guns at this time had springs on the breech tackle to help the resistance to the recoil. The gun nearest to us also would not have been out of action and obviously is not, but her crew are not visible. The pictures of the two beautiful ladies speak for themselves, and Carole Lombard's new film, from its title, seems to bristle with possibilities

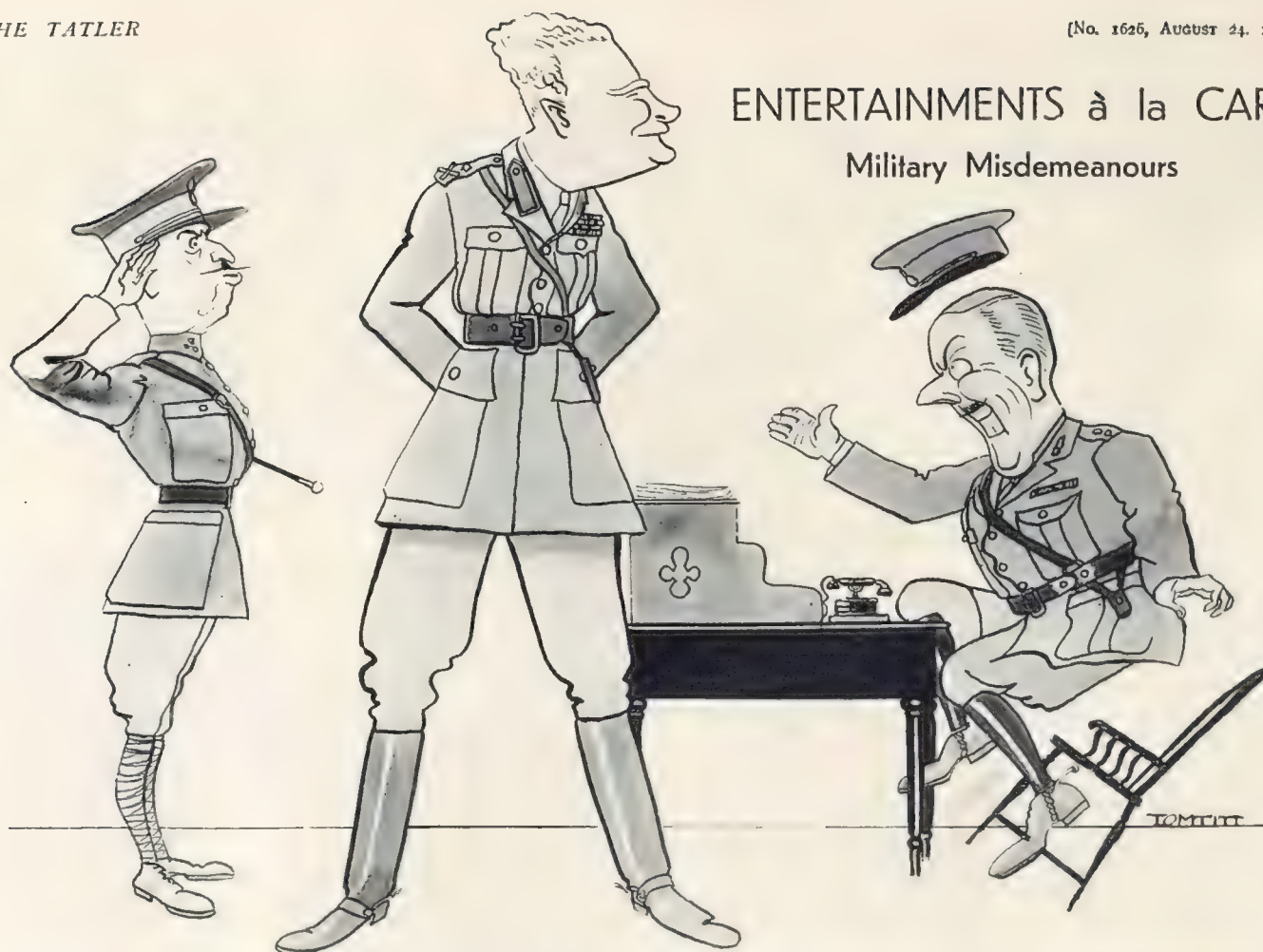


NANCY CARROLL IN HOLLYWOOD
GARDENING KIT!

CAROLE LOMBARD IN "SINNERS IN THE SUN"

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

Military Misdemeanours



TO REPORT RE RONALD THE RAT: HENRY THOMPSON (SERGEANT-MAJOR), MICHAEL SHEPLEY (MAJOR-GENERAL), CLIVE CURRIE (BATEMANESQUE COLONEL)

A NOSTALGIA of sorts will descend upon thousands when they watch the curtain rise for "Orders are Orders." Among wartime temporaries the memory of mess-rooms has with-drawn into a forgotten cell; and the mess-room on the stage is so surely typical that the cell will be unlocked. Here are the green-baize board for notices, the slotted letter-rack, the standardised armchairs, the illustrated papers on the table, and over the fireplace an enlarged photograph of the battalion marching through London in 1914.

Here, also, are subalterns man-œuvring their week-end leave. Most of the officers are departing, leaving only the Adjutant, orderly officer and quartermaster to deal with chits about a single case of indiscipline—a rat named Ronald is eating at the stores, and cannot be kept out despite new concrete floors and a new wire door. It looks like being a dull week-end in the barracks at Bilchester.

Yes, but Privates Slee and Goffin, mess-room orderly and Adjutant's batman, forecast happenings in their gossip. "Ahr adj." has taken up with a film girl named Fifi Delamere, now with a talkie platoon at the local Saracen's Head. What, then, of the C.O.'s daughter, to whom the Adjutant is at least half-engaged? (Everything in barracks is pushed on Adjutants, so the C.O. has pushed his Veronica.) It seems that Veronica, says Private Goffin, cares for little except film heroes. The Adjutant's relations with Fifi are probably by way of retaliation, like what Private Slee's old battalion used to ask for

from the artillery in France, only it never got it. Farce takes charge of Army realism when Fifi arrives, with the rest of the film outfit. Its names alone are a guarantee of unmilitary action. We have Ed Waggenermeyer, who, if not one of the film kings, is at any rate a Hollywood talkie-baron; Rupert Bolerno, the hero with the beautiful profile; and especially Wanda Paluka, the alluring "heavy" woman. But do not rank Fifi Delamere with these fantastics. She is a nice girl really. In private life she is Catherine Polkington, daughter of a hard-up Rear-Admiral, retired, whom she has persuaded, after his second glass of port, into letting her make an attempt at film fame and high salaries. It is she that the Adjutant loves, and not Veronica, who, in any case, is afire for lovely Rupert Bolerno.

Ed Waggenermeyer's ambition is to direct a super-film on the authentic background of Old England. He has tried to borrow the Cathedral, where a duke's son's marriage was to be shot; but when he rang up the Bishop, would that baby make a date? No, Sir. With help from Fifi's Adjutant, he hopes to do better in the Army barracks, especially when Privates Slee and Goffin promise him, for an advance payment of three quid, that they will fix up the Colonel's necessary graft.

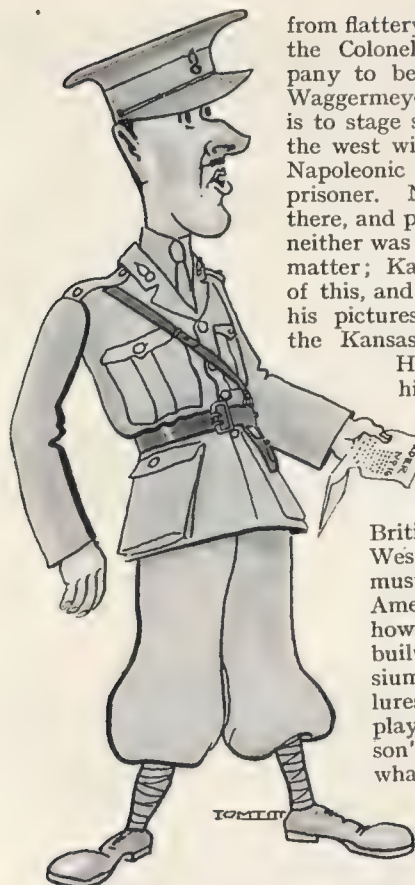
It is Wanda Paluka, though, who does the fixing, with graft



ADJUTANT'S PIECE:
ADELE DIXON



COLONEL'S VAMP:
OLIVE BLAKENEY

CAPTAIN AND QUARTER-BLOKE:
CYRIL SMITH

from flattery and long-lidded eyes; and the Colonel soon permits C. Company to be filmed on parade. Ed Waggener's more dramatic notion is to stage something from history in the west wing of the barracks, where Napoleonic soldiers were once kept prisoner. Napoleon himself shall be there, and perhaps Josephine. What—neither was ever in England? No matter; Kansas City knows nothing of this, and Ed knows that his pictures are made for the Kansas City outlook.

How Ed changes his scenario for another involving the siege by Basutos of a starving British garrison in West Africa, who must be rescued by American marines; how his stockade is built in the gymnasium; how Wanda lures the Colonel into playing the garrison's Commander; what Privates Slee and Goffin look like as Basutos with assegais, and lovely Rupert as a khaki exquisite wearing medals; and how Major-General Sir Cuth-

FILMSTRUCK:
KATHLEEN KELLY

bert Twistleton-Foxe, Divisional Commander, enters the gymnasium while John Bull is being rescued by Uncle Sam through a saluting leader of American marines ("the Devil Dogs, Colonel, at your service")—this belongs to ably staged farce.

Regulation sentiment, according to pattern, threads through the extravagance, and Slee and Goffin improve it with misunderstanding. Assuming that the C.O.'s daughter is their Adjutant's steady, they invent for him a torrid past, to help him in disposing of Fifi. The dressing-down for this interference is suitably expert, as are the final dressings-down of Colonel by General, Adjutant by Colonel, regimental sergeant-major by Adjutant, and so to the privates and buglers. In the Army, little bugs have bigger bugs upon their backs to bite 'em; and Army Orders, for the rest, are Army Orders, which permit no intrusion into discipline by Wanda Palukas and Ed Waggener. Had it not been remembered that Rear-Admiral Pocklington, father to Fifi Delamere, had covered with his naval guns the Major-General's landing at Gallipoli, the blasting in the orderly room might well have blown off its roof before peace returned to Bilchester Barracks.

This entertainment belongs to the Ian Hay-Basil Foster series of comedy-farces with Service backgrounds, which, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, have become almost as firm an institution as the Walls-Lynn-Travers farces at the Aldwych. Mr. Ian Hay has here collaborated with Mr. Anthony Armstrong

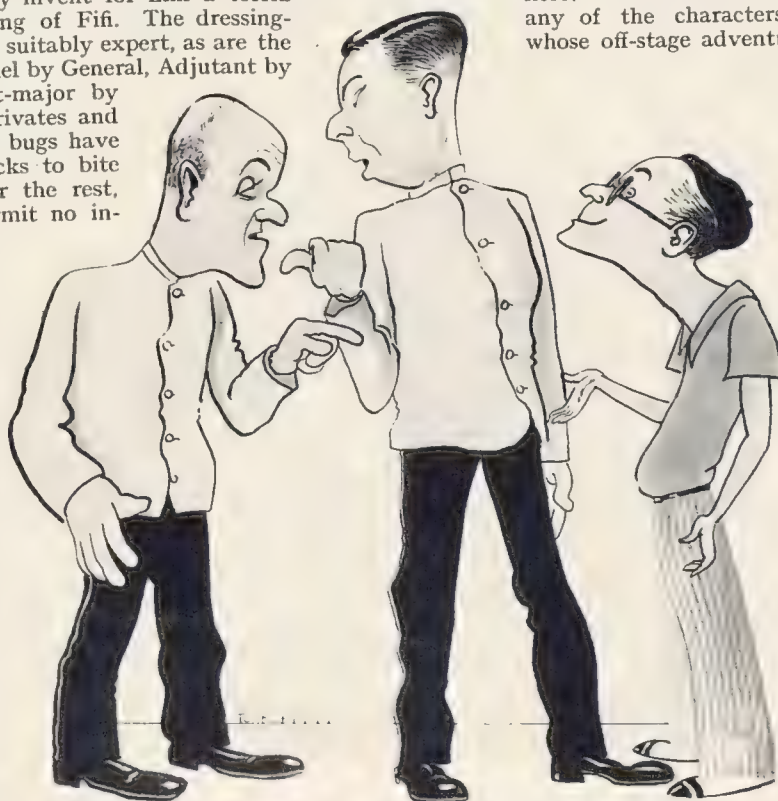
(who has wisely ceased using, as tag to his name as author, the indifferent description "A. A. of *Punch*," which it did not need), but "Orders are Orders" bears the exact hall-mark of all Mr. Hay's inventions for the stage. It is neat, smooth, slight, awfully British, eminently pleasant and funny without being vulgar—oh, decidedly not vulgar.

Mr. Frank Cellier has done a deft production. Olive Blakeney gives fine verve to Wanda. Basil Foster, is again Basil Foster in a different uniform, but with the same attractive voice and ever so gentlemanly manner. Clive Currie's Bate-man Colonel and Reginald Purdell's film-

THE LOVE-LORN ADJUTANT:
BASIL FOSTER

producer are good satire. The Major-General, played by Michael Shepley, is a portrait rather than a caricature, and such a good one that I would have preferred him to arrive earlier than the last act. Ernest Jay and Reginald Bach are a twin joy as Privates Slee and Goffin. Henry Thompson does sergeant-major flourishes as to the manner born. Chris Hewett brings superb fatuity to Rupert, the film hero. There are not ten words of dullness in any of the characters, except Ronald the rat, whose off-stage adventures with bait, traps, candles and tom-cats grow stale towards the end, after they have been used a dozen times or so to punctuate a plot that is funny enough without them.

Meanwhile, it is surely the turn of the Foreign Office for a Shaftesbury farce, now that the fighting services have had attention. Mr. Basil Foster could be one of those suave, youngish heads of departments who wear black hats and know all about French poetry. Mr. Clive Currie could be the Permanent Under-Secretary, whose chances for Ambassadorship would be almost ruined when Miss Olive Blakeney disguised herself as his diplomatic mail-bag. Much humour could be got from the shock to Sir John Simon when he discovered in the mail-bag a pair of graceful Transatlantic frocks, instead of the usual secret treaty with the French.—Alan Bott

PRIVATES' GRAFT FROM ED WAGGENER: ERNEST JAY,
REGINALD BACH, REGINALD PURDELL

BUSY "KING WILLOW"



THE GRASSHOPPERS TEAM

The names are, back row (left to right): M. Gravett (Umpire), Mr. M. St. H. Armistead, Mr. R. Eglinton, Captain A. P. Black, Captain S. G. Skene, Mr. S. R. Pentfield, Mr. C. Mason, Mr. W. Mansel, Mr. R. W. Mason. Front row: Mr. R. W. Skene, Mr. A. G. Howland-Jackson, Mr. H. D. G. Leveson-Gower (President), Mr. D. S. Strachan and Miss M. Parker (Scorer)



R. S. Crisp

THE FREE FORESTERS

The names are, back row (left to right): N. Harris (Umpire), Rev. H. M. S. Taylor, Mr. C. R. Tuff, Captain J. Dickson, Mr. J. C. Lewis, Mr. K. R. Holme, Mr. J. A. Evatts. Front row: Mr. N. McCaskie, Captain J. Jefferson, Colonel E. G. B. Williams (Captain), Captain G. F. Earle, Mr. A. C. Gore



THE WELCH REGIMENTAL TEAM

Seated: Lieut. W. B. Tristram, Major A. G. Lyttelton, Major R. H. Montgomery, Major T. B. S. Marshall and Lieut. C. F. C. Coleman. Standing: R.S.M. Knock, Lieut. D. H. Corkery, Col.-Sergt. Newman, Lieut. W. B. T. Webb, B.-Mr. F. Davidson, 2nd-Lieut. B. T. V. Cowley, Lieut. J. R. Welchman and F. Clifton



Truman Howell

LORD PLYMOUTH'S XI v. THE WELCH REGIMENT

Seated: A. Slocombe, N. V. H. Riches, the Earl of Plymouth, F. W. Mathias and H. G. Symonds. Standing: C. Williams, J. H. Carr, H. W. Taylor, W. W. Thomas, R. C. Macintosh, W. H. L. Chattin and George Culverwell



THE REGIMENTAL CRICKET WEEK AT COWLEY BARRACKS

In this group, taken at the Oxford and Bucks L.I. Depot, are, back row: Mr. A. Clerke-Brown, Mr. C. L. C. Ward, Mr. W. F. Brunskill, M.F.H., Mr. W. O. Wheelan, Mr. J. Aubrey Fletcher, Mr. A. A. Shawyer. Second row: Mr. G. Giles, Mr. M. M. Alston-Roberts-West, Captain G. C. B. Stevens, Mr. E. Smith, Captain L. R. Randall, Mr. P. M. Hughes, Mr. E. Beare. Third row: Lieut.-Col. J. T. Weatherby, the Rev. F. Leveson-Gower, Captain H. E. F. Smyth, Colonel S. E. Ashton, Mr. J. P. A. Graham, Captain M. Sykes, Captain L. W. Giles, Mr. S. C. B. Lee. In front: Mr. T. L. Ashton, Mr. H. C. Ducat-Hammersley, Mr. H. Leveson-Gower and Mr. E. Grant

Whatever cause for a grouse cricket, polo and any other outdoor game may have had early in this summer, there has been none recently. First-class weather, in fact, and plenty of sun, also some quite first-class fun for the bat—look at the centuries that such a lot of people have been scoring! As to what happened to the various teams on this page, the Free Foresters (212 for eight) gave the Grasshoppers (76) a proper doing at Bushbridge Hall, Godalming, A. C. Gore getting six wickets for 15—terrible slaughter. Lord Plymouth's side beat the Welch Regiment in their encounter at St. Fagan's Castle, Glamorgan, Lord Plymouth's seat. It is an annual fixture. The Cowley Cricket Week is always a cheery show and there is a match every day. The teams in the picture are the Oxford and Bucks L.I. regimental side and Colonel S. E. Ashton's. The regiment won by 3 runs (143-140), a most exciting finish and anyone's game right up to the end



"Excuse me, sir, but if you like you can come and paint our cottage—the roses are looking lovely now"

By H. M. Bateman



THE BAT

By A. G. PETHEARRIDGE



BATHERS

G. PETHERBRIDGE

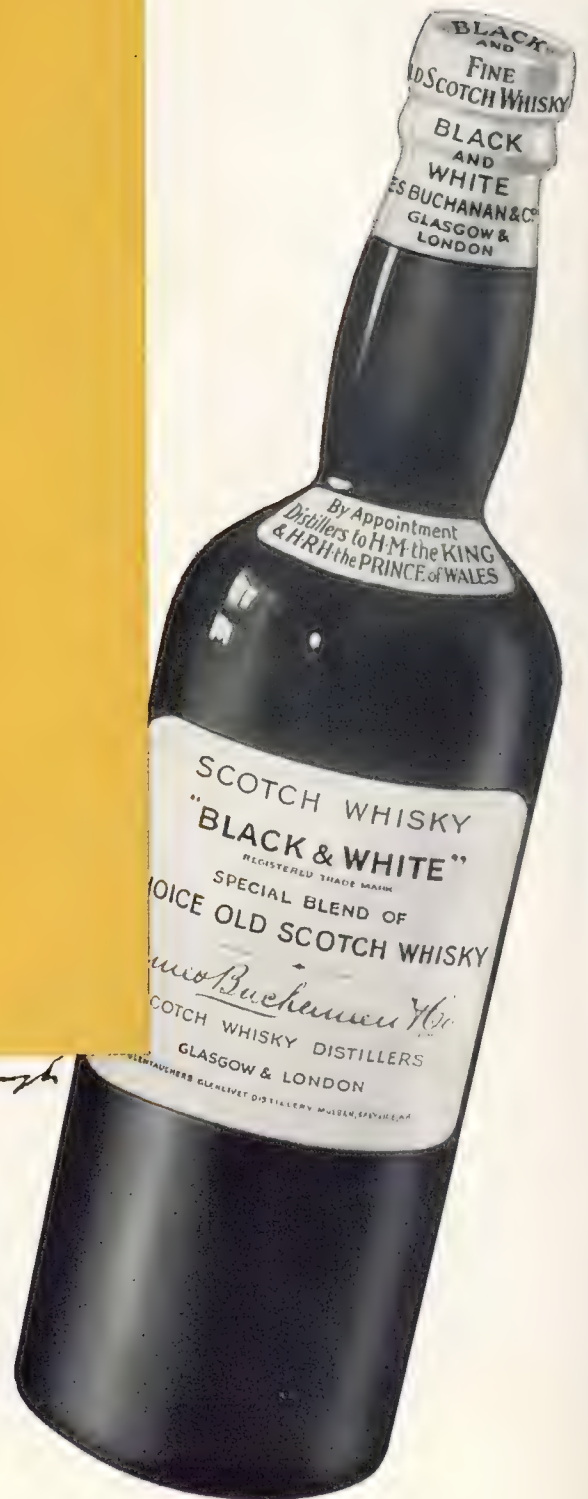
330-331



Gordon

A good BAG deserves
"MOOR" and "MOOR"

"BLACK & WHITE"



THIS WAY FOR BRAY



NOW WE ARE SIX: A LUNCHEON PARTY AT THE HOTEL DE PARIS



GLORIA SWANSON AND HUSBAND

In the intervals of making her new picture, "The Perfect Understanding," Gloria Swanson is spending peaceful riverside days with her husband, Mr. Michael Farmer, the Hotel de Paris being their headquarters. That precious young person, little Miss Farmer, is also enjoying country air and admiration

The lunchers in this group are Mr. Cyril Gardiner, Captain the Hon. Richard Norton, Miss Glen Pointing, Mr. Michael Farmer and his wife (Gloria Swanson), and Mr. Garnett Graham. Open-air meals are features of the famous Hotel de Paris, at Bray, where the genial Charles, a host in himself, sees to it that an enjoyable time is had by all

The celebrity below needed no encouragement to "come on Steve" when his wife and her sister, Mrs. Marion Forde (seen on the right), suggested a trip on Old Man Thames



LADY MILFORD HAVEN, M. ALDAO AND (RIGHT) MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT

The above picture and the one on the right were achieved at another popular meeting and eating place, the Hind Head Hotel, at Bray. Society's "discovery" of the appeal of Thames-side is a quite recent occurrence, but now fashion's seal is firmly set upon it, and the hot-weather habit of going to the River has everything in its favour. Lord Milford Haven and his wife are regular "patrons." Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt is Lady Furness's sister



LORD MILFORD HAVEN



STEVE DONOGHUE WITH HIS WIFE AND SISTER-IN-LAW

Photographs by Sasha

"THE POP OF THE RIFLE" ONCE MORE!



AT KINPURNIE, FORFARSHIRE:
Sir Archibald Maule Ramsay, M.P., The Earl of
Lindsay, M.P., and Lady Fox at Sir Charles
Cayzer's shoot. (Inset) Lord Kinnaird

YOUNG AMERICA AT KIRRIEMUIR: MR. J. P.
AND MISS NORA GRACE



SIR BOLTON EYRES-MONSELL AT
SWINTON, YORKS



LORD ZETLAND'S SHOOT AT ASKE

Captain Hubert Bigge, Lord Zetland, Major Rooke, Mr. E. J. Radcliffe and, on right, the Hon. Joseph Pease (in a beret)

The most astounding feature of this present grouse season seems to be the peculiar places in which enthusiastic gunners have (according to a non-shooting scribe) managed to loose-off at the most appetising bird known in ornithology. Places almost as unlikely as the moors of Kensington appear to have been simply crawling with grouse! However, this is one of the light reliefs of a time of the year when most people feel rather like chewed string or wet hens. As to these pictures, Sir Charles Cayzer, who has a shoot in Forfarshire and is the Member for the City of Chester, seems to have drawn a bead on the House of Commons, and had numerous hard-worked Members as his guests. Mr. J. P. Grace (Senior), whose off-spring are seen learning the heather-step, is an American banking and shipping magnate who has taken Lord Lyell's shoot at Kinnordy, Kirriemuir, Angus. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, was shooting with Sir Philip and Lady Cunliffe-Lister at Swinton, Masham, Yorks. How Lord Zetland can bear the sound of a gun going off, after having been Governor of Bengal, has yet to be explained, but he had this shoot at Aske, all the same (picture above)

PORTRAITS OF SOCIAL IMPORT

A Trio of Personalities

Being the daughter of Lt.-Colonel Marcus Hartigan, the Hon. Mrs. Ward (see below) has Irish blood in her veins, so it is not surprising that a sporting open-air life appeals to her. Shortly after their marriage, which was in 1928, she and her husband settled in Kenya Colony, where they farm indefatigably. They were home for a short holiday not long ago. The Hon. "Roddy" Ward is the late Lord Dudley's second son



Hay Wrightson

THE HON. MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY

Above is one of County Kildare's most popular personalities, who was Miss Sabia Kennedy before her marriage. Few Irish race meetings are complete without the Gerald Wellesleys, for he trains winners as well as riding them, and she owns horses, too. Known as "Ginger" to his many friends, Mr. Wellesley is Lord Cowley's half-brother



Bertram Park

MISS CELIA PALMER

No one who is out and about in London can fail to observe Miss Celia Palmer being the life and soul of all the most up-to-date parties. Enterprise is her watch-word, and it is impossible to feel dull in her company. Miss Palmer is the daughter of the late General Sir Arthur Power Palmer, who was C.-in-C. in India



Hay Wrightson

THE HON. MRS. RODERICK WARD



KREISLER'S LEADING LADY: MARTA EGGERTH

Marta Eggerth is the young German film star, now in England to make the new Lehar talking-film for Amalgamated Films Association. She has been specially selected by Kreisler to sing the leading part in his first operetta, to be produced in Berlin this winter and afterwards in London

A BUSY man who had an important telephone call to put through finally interrupted a feminine conversation which seemed liable to go on indefinitely.

"And, my dear, it's got the sweetest little cape you've ever seen—" from one of the women.

"Hallo! Hallo!" from the busy man.

"Here!" snapped the woman, indignantly, "what line do you think you're on, anyway?"

"Well," came the weary reply, "I've come to the conclusion that I must be on the clothes line."

The mighty engines of the ocean liner throbbed ceaselessly, and the chief engineer wiped a perspiring brow as he frowned at the pale-faced young man with an oil-can.

"Look here," he said, "you don't seem to be helping me much with these engines. I understood you knew something about the game."

"So I do, Sir," stammered the other, "but on a much smaller scale, you know."

"What's your regular job," demanded the chief engineer, suspiciously.

"Watch repairer," came the reply.

A teacher asked one of the small members of his class: "What is a pilgrim?"

The boy answered, "A pilgrim is a man, Sir."

"But that is a very incomplete answer," protested the master. "I am a man, but would you call me a pilgrim?"

"Oh, no, Sir," said the boy, now thoroughly confused. "A pilgrim is a good man."

A lady returned to a shop bringing back some goods she had bought the day before. "They don't fit," she said, "and I want my money back."

"But, good gracious—" began the shopkeeper.

"Your advertisement distinctly says, 'Money returned if not approved.'"

"So it does, my dear lady, so it does; but your money was approved. It was very good money!"

Bubble and Squeak

They were relating stories of absent-mindedness in the smoking-room of an Atlantic liner.

"I'm very absent-minded myself," said a man who had not joined in the discussion before. "I often find names and telephone numbers written in my notebook, but can't remember what persons they represent. A little while ago, having a little time to spare, I had a general checking up, but the name and address of one man baffled me, so I wrote to him asking if he had ever heard of me, and if I was supposed to do something for him."

"He wrote back a cordial letter, saying I had already done it. He was my wife's first husband."

"Look here," said the irate man to the animal dealer, "you told me that the tortoise I bought from you would live three hundred years, and it died the day after I bought it."

"Now, isn't that too bad!" murmured the dealer, sympathetically. "The three hundred years must have been up."

A parson who was retiring after many years of service in a certain parish received among several parting gifts one that was distinctly original. It consisted of a beautiful down quilt, upon which was sewn the name of every member of the parish. In acknowledging this particular present, the vicar said:

"My friends, for the last forty years you have slept under me, but now, in my retirement, it is going to be my turn to sleep under you."



Pearl Freeman

JAQUI MARION AND CARLO DENARI

Who have been, and still are, having a triumph at various spots on the Riviera, the Casino at Cannes, the Palais de Méditerranée at Nice and the Trident and Casino at Juan-les-Pins. Carlo Denari's real name is John MacNair. He rowed for his college at Oxford, played Rugby for Richmond, and boxed for the St. Pancras Boxing Club



AUGUST, 1932

21st. to 31st inclusive

- | | | |
|------|---|---|
| 22nd | Golf. Boys' Championship begins, Royal Lytham & St. Annes.
Yachting. Torbay Royal Regatta, Torquay. | Cricket. Sussex v. Essex, Eastbourne. |
| 23rd | Racing. York.
Athletics. Highland Games, Fort William, Scotland.
Yachting. Torbay Royal Regatta, Torquay. | 27th Racing. Gatwick, Hamilton Park, Phoenix Park.
Motor Boating. Regatta, Lytham, St. Annes.
Cricket. Essex v. Kent, Leyton. Middlesex v. Surrey, Lord's.
Motor Cycling. Brooklands Meeting, Brooklands. |
| 24th | Racing. York, Mallon, Devon & Exeter Steeplechases.
Shows. Royal Jersey Agricultural Society, Jersey.
Flower Show. Southport.
Motor Cycle Speedway. England v. Australia, Southampton.
Swimming. Swimming Gala, Dundee. | 29th Racing. Lewes.
Water Polo. England v. Holland, Weston - super - Mare.
Gala. Carnival Week, Southend-on-Sea. |
| 25th | Racing. York, Mallon, Devon & Exeter Steeplechases.
Shows. Royal Jersey Agricultural Society, Jersey, Agricultural and Industrial Show, Limerick, Ireland.
Cricket. Kent v. All India, Canterbury.
Carnival. Newport, Isle of Wight. | 30th Racing. Derby and Lewes Meetings.
Cycling. World's Championships begin, Rome.
Yachting. West of England Regatta, Plymouth.
Cricket. Wales v. All India, Colwyn Bay. |
| 26th | Racing. Gatwick.
Athletics. Highland Games, Dunoon.
Shows. Flower Show, Southport. | 31st Racing. Derby, Brighton and Limerick. Plymouth Steeplechases.
Yachting. West of England Regatta, Plymouth.
Cricket. Yorkshire v. M.C.C., Scarborough.
Motor Cycling. Yorkshire Grass Track Championship, Harrogate. |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.



H. E. THE EARL OF
BESSBOROUGH

Governor-General of Canada since 1931, when he succeeded Lord Willingdon, present Viceroy of India, and is just as popular, which is saying a great deal. This snapshot was taken at Ottawa, the present hub of the whole British Trading Empire

expect, know about its being called The Tangier Regiment, because of what it was called upon to do to the pirates in that once very hot spot, but the old title, the 2nd (The Queen's Royal) Regiment of Foot, seems to me to have been a good enough one to last for all time, and I think it is such a pity when people are meddlesome and tinker with old tradition.

The Queen's are the second oldest regiment of the line in the British Army, and as people have been talking of nicknames and their significance, I wonder how many people there are in Londonderry to-day who have heard of "Kirke's Lambs"—"The Mutton Lancers." They were serving under The Orangeman when they raised the siege of Londonderry and let food in to its starving population, closely blockaded for four months by the Irish-French army of someone known to many as "Dirty Shamus." Colonel Kirke commanded the regiment on that notable occasion. One Ensign John Churchill may have been with them then. Anyway, the subsequent great General who commanded the bonniest swearers who ever trod the soil of Flanders, did begin his military service in the Queen's. The Paschal Lamb is also one of their badges, and that also may have suggested their nickname—but it is possible that what happened in Kirke's time may have suggested one of their sobriquets. It was at the time of the Siege of Londonderry they were first called "Kirke's Lambs."

Another interesting bit of history about the Queen's is the naval crown, superscribed "1st June 1794," which is another of their collar badges. That 1st June has come down to us as "The Glorious First of June," and was the day Howe swept the Frenchmen from the seas off Brest.

Pictures in the Fire "SABRETACHE"

IT was not very surprising to see some of the Queen's getting their hackles up when someone called them "The Royal West Surrey Regiment." The Queen after whom this fine old regiment is called "The Queen's" was Catherine of Portugal, who married our King Charles II. in 1661, the year the regiment was raised, and it was not a peculiarly happy idea to tack on in brackets (Royal West Surrey Regiment). A good many people, I

The Queen's were serving aboard one of the ships of Howe's command as "Jollies," and not many other regiments who have ever been at sea in this capacity have been so lucky as to chip in for a major engagement. The only other one which, so far as I can discover, has been in a major engagement aboard his Majesty's ships, is the 69th Regiment (now 2nd Battn. The Welch Regiment), which had a detachment in the *Captain*, a seventy-four, the ship of one Commodore Nelson at the Battle of St. Vincent, in 1797, when Sir John Jervis commanded the British Fleet of fifteen sail of the line and "sufficient frigates for his purpose"—I don't exactly know how many—fought and beat twenty-seven Spanish ships of the line, twelve frigates, and numerous small ships. Nelson, disobeying orders, threw his ship in front of nine Spanish ships of the line which were trying to escape, and then captured both the 80-gun *San Nicolas* and the 112-gun *San Josef* by laying alongside *San Nicolas* and taking her by boarding operations, and then going on and doing the same thing to the *San Josef*, which was foul of *San Nicolas*. Jervis was created

Earl St. Vincent, and his Admirals got baronetries. Nelson was knighted. He had been promoted Rear-Admiral before the news of this smashing victory had reached England. They captured four ships of the line and played the cat and banjo with the rest of 'em! "The Horse Marines" (17th Lancers) also did a job of work as marines and a detachment were in *Hermione*, a frigate, called by some "The 'Ermy One," in 1795, just after Howe's great success. The Queen's were also not far away on that historic occasion when the 14th Hussars earned their sobriquet of "The Chamber-



ON THE SPEY AT FOCHABERS:
MR. A. GORDON-LENNOX

Who is staying with his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, and fishing the famous river at Fochabers, below Gordon Castle

maids." In the pursuit after Vittoria, the 14th nearly caught Joseph Bonaparte, and, anyway, got his carriage and a silver thing they found in it is part of their mess plate. I have a photograph of it in front of me as I write. Bit dented, but still in good shape. They call this utensil "The Emperor," and champagne has been drunk out of it ere now.



A LONG ISLAND (N. J.) SNAP

Miss June Blossom and Prince George of Russia on a nice sunshiny day at New York's favourite sports and play centre. Prince George is the youngest son of the Grand Duke Constantine, whose father was a great-uncle of Nicholas I., Tsar of Russia



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NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE



AT BRIONI: THE MALTA TEAM

Lady Louis Mountbatten presented the winning "Malta" polo team with the Malta Brioni Challenge Cups. Left to right: Lt.-Com. Wentworth, Lord Louis Mountbatten, the Hon. Lt. Keith-Rous and Capt. Neville. Lord Louis Mountbatten skippered the 1931 Royal Navy team which went so well in London

COUNTRY Polo has been in full blast ever since the last games were played on the London grounds, Ranelagh having enjoyed the distinction of ringing the curtain down with its Coronation Cup and Buenos Aires Cup tournaments, and therefore of having been first in and last out (like the cavalry in war), for play was possible there a good week or more before it was at any other London club. The country polo, which follows London, does exactly the same thing to the crack teams as cub-hunting does to the little vulps, because it scatters the stars, and sends them into all sorts of other combinations, the units of which have not had the chance of bumping into any of the brass-pots in the various big tournaments which are in the London programme. I am sure that, in many ways, this is all to the good, and makes for eventual progress, because, as at all other games, if people go on playing only against other people of their own calibre they rarely find out whether they are merely standing still and learning no new tricks, or are gathering virtue. Anyway, a change of bowling is usually a good thing. If you are out to concoct a team for one special purpose—and for that alone—naturally, the less that dissemination takes place the better, and the more strictly the units are kept together and forbidden to wander off into all sorts of other combinations the quicker will cohesion be achieved. In the case of people being allowed to do this it happens quite often that the big fish, finding himself placed amongst a shoal of sardines, gets into the wicked habit of trying to play a one-man game, instead of a four-man game, with the unhappiest results both to his own play and with no instructional benefit to the poor sardines, who are apt to get a bit disheartened by his poaching. Any kind of practice which tempts anyone to succumb to the temptation of ball-chasing, does no good and gets no team anywhere.

In their post-London season, adventures at Cowdray, Osmaston, Tidworth, Bordon, Rugby, Cheltenham, Shorncliffe, Dunster, Newmarket, the Beaufort Hunt P.C., etc., and so forth, I like to think—and I am pretty sure that I am right—that the sprinkling of people who have been in the

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

first-class tournaments in London, is definitely missionary and instructive in its effect, and this is as it should be. Tournaments happen, of course, at many of the places first catalogued while the London season is in full swing, but I am speaking more particularly of the post-London fixtures at country centres, such as, for instance, the Beaufort autumn tournament, Sept. 5-10, one that ought to be the St. Leger meeting of the whole season; the Cholderton Cup at that big cavalry centre, Tidworth, in August; the Cheltenham and Toulston (Yorks) tournaments, the latter in the middle of August; the August happenings at Rugby, just over; and the further happenings to come in the first two weeks of September; and Dunster (near Minehead) also with a September fixture. All these tournaments do a great deal of general good to the game and help forward the discovery of new talent, which, of course, is the thing upon which we have got to focus our energies if we want to regain the place we

once held of being the best Western nation at this very Eastern game.

We are not going to continue to wallow in our present hard-up slough for ever and ever amen, and there is convincing evidence that even when we are a bit tight-set for money, there is plenty of kick in all our national sports and games. I submit that this is proved pretty conclusively by what has happened this season in the polo, racing, cricket, lawn tennis, golf, and other worlds. Polo, the croakers said, was due for a certain knock-out. Look at what happened in London this season! Almost as many teams as in the most prosperous times, both civilian and military, and the latter in strong force and of particularly good quality all round; and as to the country, I see few signs of any collapse and have heard of none. The present almost universal practice of roaming about the world with a face on you as cross as a bagful of nails and a general wet-fish aura is all wrong. Things are not as bad as all that. Forget it and take a pull!

(Continued on page viii)



SOMERIES HOUSE AT OSMASTON

Howard Barrett

Osmaston and Someries had a severe fight in the Championship, but this team is not Sir Harold Wernher's one of first-line troops. The names are (left to right): Lord Sefton, Captain R. B. B. Cooke, Sir Harold Wernher and Mr. N. Dugdale. Sir Ian Walker's invitation tournament was a big success

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PETROL VAPOUR : W. G. ASTON

By

W. G. ASTON



OFFICERS OF THE 26th (E.R.Y.Y.) ARMoured CAR COMPANY ROYAL TANK CORPS (T.D.)

Although no annual training for the Territorial Army is being held this year on account of National economy, this company undertook, and have just completed, eight days' voluntary training at Burniston Barracks, Scarborough, and 70 per cent. of the strength of the company attended for the full period. The names of the officers in this picture, reading from left to right, are: Lieutenant N. H. Sissons, Lieutenant G. S. Wade, Captain N. B. S. Birch, Lieut.-Colonel R. C. J. Chichester-Constable, D.S.O. (Commanding Officer), Major W. D. B. Thompson, D.S.O., M.C. (Adjutant), Captain G. M. Radcliffe, Lieutenant T. E. B. Sissons, and 2nd Lieutenant P. H. D. Ryder

"The Heavies."

LET us indulge in a little parable.. Once upon a time there was a Landowner who was so extremely well off that he did not very much bother about things in general. Amongst his possessions was a large orchard full of fine fruit-bearing trees and admirably prolific. These constituted a great joy to the Landowner, who was never so happy as when he was squandering big sums of money upon their culture and maintenance. So engrossed was he in this business that he entirely neglected the fences surrounding the orchard; these, falling into decay, permitted the entry of numerous enterprising persons, who proceeded to sell the apples by the roadside. Their overhead charges being very small they were able to offer the fruit at such competitive prices that the Landlord received a bitter complaint from one of his chief tenants, Mr. Buggins, an old-established greengrocer in a Big Way of Business. Mr. Buggins plainly stated that he was going to shut up shop because he could not face unfair competition. So the Landlord took a Pull at himself and perceived that there was something in Mr. Buggins' point of view. So he went to the orchard, and he said to the multitude of free fruit-pickers, said he: "Now, sports, I give you due warning that I'm going to repair my fences. You can certainly have my apples, but in future you are going to have to pay a reasonable price for them." Whereat the enterprising ones were greatly upset. They declared that they had already cut the retail price of apples to the very bone, and that if they now had to increase those prices they would be ruined. "Besides," they said, "it is all very unfair, for we have been picking your apples for years and have thus created a Vested Interest." But the Landowner, with perhaps a thought for honest old Buggins, said: "You ought to be thankful that you've made such a Dickens of a good killing. Anyhow the new wire-lattice fence will be started on

to-morrow and there won't be any large holes in it." All parables ought to be essentially true, and this effort is not a wild misrepresentation of what is happening. The Powers that Be have at last seen that heavy road transport has got to pay its whack for what it gets out of our expensive highways. Supposing a ponderous great brute of a machine *does* have a £150 tax set upon it, is that so outrageous? It probably weighs ten times as much as a £15 tax car, and most certainly (this being a matter of pounds to the square inch) does far more than ten times as much damage to the road. In the ordinary way it will also be in work for a much longer period than the light car. Thus, whilst I do not in the least blame transport contractors for taking advantage of their opportunities, I will not waste sympathy upon them. They will survive the paying of proper dues. Anyhow, they have long enough been dancing to a very jolly tune, and it is high time they tipped the piper. But, I say! *What* a difference there would have been if, years ago, an enlightened, even inspired, Government had decided to tax *all* motor vehicles by weight! But that would have been altogether too logical.

A Bouquet.

WE do not get too many "floral tributes" chucked at us, and our affairs, and our products these days, so it is all the nicer to get a lavish bouquet. As a rule I do not set a great deal of store by testimonials. So often they are indited by those who want some extra concession out of the recipients, and so far as I am concerned it is a fact that I have never written one about anything that did not go wrong the very moment the tribute had been posted. But there are testimonials *and* testimonials, and this that I am about to quote from is, in the Scot's phrase, "by-ordnar." It is an American gentleman referring to a not unknown English car. Bet you can't guess its name. "The car has crossed deserts at top speed with

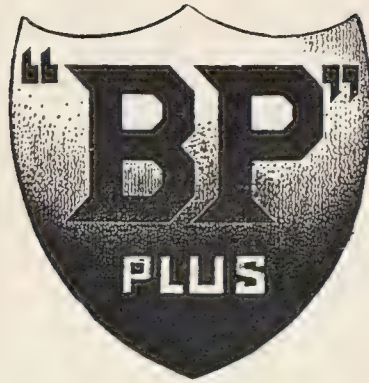
(Continued on p. viii)



AT DEAUVILLE: MADAME CITROËN AND DAUGHTER

A recent picture of Madame Citroën, the wife of the French "car king," and her charming schoolgirl daughter. They are a very devoted pair. Madame Citroën wears the faultless white dress which is Deauville uniform, and her daughter is dressed for the place in blue

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THE WINE LIST

By PRINCESS MARIE TROUBETSKOY

THE man looked across the small restaurant table, with its rose-shaded light, at the woman who faced him. He was not quite sure why he had invited her to dine with him that evening.

Must have been that last cocktail, he meditated, silently. Cocktail parties were a curse in London. People gave them because it was a cheap method of entertaining their friends, and their friends went to them, some hoping to receive invitations for dinner, or to meet new people who might be useful in future; others, merely to kill an idle hour, more just to get drunk successfully and cheaply.

At best, one always had just that one cocktail, which ruined the rest of the evening. It made one too cordial and generous at the wrong moment, or later soured dinner with depression.

He had meant to dine quietly and inexpensively at the club, and if it had not been for Mrs. James's cocktail party he would have carried out his programme. Instead, he found himself committed to this dining and wineing of a woman he had never met before, and by whom, he now felt sure, but for that last cocktail he would never have thought himself attracted.

He considered her carefully, and furtively.

"Thirty-five, perhaps thirty," he judged. "Beginning to feel the strain of the odd ten years she hopes don't show."

She was smart and well turned out, which comforted him.

"*Faute de mieux!*" he consoled himself. "One takes worse, which is what one can get—usually the second-rate—and get . . ." He considered her again. The first lines shadowing the big eyes, the laughing mouth beginning to curve wistfully.

"Get!" It shouldn't be too difficult. A little flattery, compliments would receive their due meed of appreciation from thirty to thirty-five, where secure twenty would mock—a glass or two of wine. She had just about reached the stage of promiscuity so uninterestingly prevalent!

As he considered the wine list the obsequious *sommelier* presented, he wondered if she would be worth the little trouble necessary.

"What do you feel like drinking?" he asked.

She had been thinking, too, in spite of her light chatter. Her hat brim was becoming, and that shading of rouge, the mirror in the cloak-room had assured her, gave her quite a youthful flush. He might quite reasonably admire her. After all, she was attractive, always had been, to men. It had not been so difficult persuading him, subtly, into giving her that invitation which brought her to the balcony of *Ciro's*. Nancy James was terribly sweet, she did give one occasionally a chance to meet new men; most women hung on to them themselves, and she didn't have the young girls around to spoil it.

"These modern young things. So fright-making in their super-sophistication to the women who grew up with remembrances of a different tradition," she thought. "So alluring, with their promise of exciting youthful decadence. What man could resist the challenge that he is incapable of equality in their knowledge of viciousness? What chance has one against them?"

And they ruined the nice men so quickly! She went on thinking. They just made one—if one was alone, husbandless, from the moment one was twenty-five years old—just fair game.

It was absurd to expect a man to like one, these days; he had not the time to get to know one before some other female was pestering him for his attention.

This man might be different. He might still have some Victorian ideals left about women or, at any rate, some left-over sense of sportsmanship—if one was "fair game," then what about "not shooting a sitting bird"?

She felt very hopeless as she looked back at him across the table. She wondered now why he had asked her to dinner, he did not appear very interested in anything she had said so far. She wished she had had another cocktail before they had left the party. It would have given her a little more gaiety and sparkle. It was so exhausting—this effort at constant wit. Was she boring him? It was not so easy to keep up the standard of those two stories she had told him in the taxi. Was he thinking her dull already?

But he was asking her a question, it roused her to notice that he was turning the pages of the wine list irritably.

"Ought he merely to say he was sure she'd like a dry wine and order the champagne he would automatically choose to drink with a woman whose favour he sought? Or could he get out of such expensive politeness?" He was asking himself.

Actually he felt as if he had had enough to drink. Beer or a whisky and soda would do for him; he had meant to have a quiet evening but for her. Could he suggest half a bottle of hock? Or would she think him mean? He rebelled at that! How he wished he had avoided that last cocktail, then this dilemma would not have confronted him.

"So he doesn't want to order champagne!" she thought, as she watched his hesitancy. "Perhaps he is poor. No! Or he would not have brought me to *Ciro's* and the waiters would not have taken so much notice of him. And his clothes have that expensively worn look, which means that he is not so poor that he has to look rich. I'm afraid it means that he is rather bored with me and does not wish to spend more than he can help."

"I don't know," she said aloud, with a pretty gesture of hesitancy. "I've had so many cocktails at Nancy's party, perhaps I ought not . . ."

"Calculated helplessness," he thought. "She wants me to think her unsophisticated."

Women were queer creatures. They adored to create a pose. Only if she were striving after an effort of innocence and wide-eyed water-drinking respectability, what a boring dinner they would have. They would have to drink something.

"Nonsense." He smiled at her. "I only saw you drinking two."

She smiled back at him.

"She's really pretty still, when she smiles. Good teeth!" he noticed.

"I can't drink lots of cocktails," she confided to him. "I find them much too dangerous."

She tapped a cigarette against one varnished pink nail, and he struck a match from the stand upon the table before the waiter could offer it.

"Does that mean she loses her head when she drinks," he mentally queried, "or is she implying a suggestion?"

Aloud, he said, "Well, have you any particular choice?" and wondered if she would at once say, "Oh, I adore *Clicquot!*"

She hesitated. If she asked for champagne and he ordered half a bottle for her and something else for himself, it would look so greedy, she felt. If the kind of impression had been in his mind about her, that she had on other occasions found necessary to correct, later, an impression which usually led to a bottle being placed rapidly and optimistically on the ice, he would have had his finger on the champagne page of the list immediately.

And as she hesitated, he thought. "Oh, well! Perhaps she's worth it. Anyway, she'll seem more amusing to talk to, even if I don't wish to encourage anything else."

"But we ordered an *entrecôte* minute after the fish?" she asked him. "Perhaps you would like to drink red wine with it. I don't know anything about red wines, except most of them are terribly good."

He could choose something claret-like and cheap, was in her mind. Since she did not attract him, it made very little difference whether she was less amusing than usual. She did not care whether she drank champagne or water, it was only a symbol! But it was a pity. He was the type of man she liked. But if she was boring him, and he was not feeling that he wanted to give her a lovely evening, which would make her wish to repeat her experience as his guest, it might just as well be claret. She would have preferred a sweet *Sauterne*. It was the same price, and it made her sleep, but he would probably hate it, and he could hardly order half a bottle of so cheap a wine in *Ciro's*.

Disappointing life is! she reflected. She had been so excited about her evening with him. So delighted with the invitation. And she was a failure. He had seemed nice, and had seemed to like her. It would have been lovely if he had fallen in love with her, but at least she had hoped to make a new

(Continued on p. viii)

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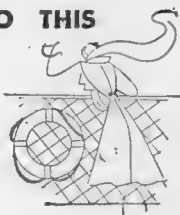


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picture, and that when you come to think of it is not a very pleasing one.

Now all of this is the rankest of bad manners, to call it by its kindest name, and utter selfishness to call it by its true one.

The group on the left comes from South Africa, and shows some of the competitors who did battle for the "Eve" Foursomes Trophy at the Durban Country Club last month. The event was a great success

That selfishness is the root cause of most misery in the world is perhaps beside the point, but its blossoms we see everywhere, and certainly the sort of golfers who think only of their own score are fairly festooned with wreaths of them.

Every now and again, though, one comes on a partner, thrice blessed, be her name, who is really and genuinely interested in what you are doing. She is not that annoying

GOLF

By
Eleanor E. Helme

type who automatically murmurs "good shot" every time you hit the ball, regardless of whether you have sliced wildly out of bounds or pulled into the depths of the wood or on to the seashore, or who pities you for a bad shot as if there were no hope of retrieving it, or who condescendingly pats you on the metaphorical back for getting out in something under level fives when all the time you know full well that you ought to be nearer level fours. All those varieties of the race of golfers can be almost as annoying as the right down selfish kind, and if you murmur that "they mean well" you only offer the most biting commentary on what they achieve.

But somebody whose good wishes are genuine, who gives you the right encouragement at the right moment, can do more to help you to a good card, as well as to a round that you wish to repeat, than all the text-books in the world.

Happy, in this respect as in many others, are the Scottish golfers. Now I hold no particular brief for the Scotties or their beautiful country; a great great great (repeat *ad lib.*) grandmother from north of the Border, and a great great (also repeat *ad lib.*) number of good friends across it nowadays, do not make one Scotch, and having confessed to the unforgivable taste of sugar with porridge it is quite obvious that my name never was nor will be McHelme. But speaking entirely without prejudice, it is impossible to go to a Scottish championship, where score play in its most acute form fills two whole days, without being struck by how many perfect scorers exist there. There is real genuine interest; Miss Nimmo's 83 for the Quaich this year and Mrs. Greenlees' 75 for the individual score, were really acclaimed by everybody else, even those whose good scores were just displaced by them, as a cause for rejoicing. It seemed as if all the competitors, in a body, were out to produce a perfect score, if it were possible; something that would be a worthy decoration of a challenge trophy, and show the world that Scottish golf stood not merely where it did but a great deal higher. The contrariness of all golf balls, holes, courses, and winds seemed the common enemy to be overcome by someone, no matter whom, rather than your next door neighbour or the player from a rival club. In other parts of the world it seems to me you hear players who have just lost a prize giving themselves up to an orgy of "if onlies." That sort of lament does not flourish in Scotland; the perpetrator of a crime knows herself a sinner, but there is an end of it. That 75 of Mrs. Greenlees at Cruden Bay was a signal for general rejoicing, as well it might be, in a way which it would have been hard to match anywhere else. It was a complete refutation of the old accusation that golfers are selfish.

EVE AT

HAVING dissected the perfect partner, somebody has asked me to follow on with the perfect scorer.

"The other fellow's point of view," says she morally, "is one of the most important things of life, if we are to be any pleasure to ourselves or anybody else. Those who can see it, succeed; those who cannot are certain, sooner or later, to become a wash-out. To be self-full is annoying, to be selfish a crime."

It is very most certainly so at golf. Don't we all of us know the person whom we play with under compulsion only in a



A cheerful committee: Miss Hair, Mrs. R. H. Wallace-Williamson, and Mrs. Greenlees. The latter won the score competition at this year's Scottish Championship with a 75



Miss Wanda Morgan was in fine form at the Herne Bay Open Meeting, winning the scratch prize in the medal round with 72, three better than par

medal round? What she is going to do, why she didn't do it, what her score may be, is, or might have been, and why it wasn't incalculably better, what chance she has of heading the list and why she particularly wants to, what ill-luck has dogged her (from a domestic upheaval to a finger-ache)—these are the only things she can see or think about. What sort of problems, and what sort of a card yours may be, interest her not in the slightest. There is a certain sprinkling of players who would actually prefer to have a completely dud scorer—if she tears up at the second hole, so much the better, so that they are under no necessity of taking an even superficial interest in her card. They like to be the only object in the

Let ROWE'S go over the SCHOOL

LIST Rowe's fully understand and will be glad to unravel for you the mysteries of every school clothes-list. Here and there they will probably be able to suggest certain economies that perhaps will not be out of season. Rowe's do not aim at mere cheapness for the sake of cheapness, but their prices are not high and their quality saves you money in the end.

☆ TWO NEW BOOKS FOR PARENTS

Rowe's have just published two complete lists of school outfits entitled "Satisfactory Clothes." Every parent should have copies. Sent free on request.

ROWE'S

*Tailors to the new generation for
many generations*

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TO H.M. THE KING

Model Brooches

THESE charming brooches are available in a variety of models. Fashioned in gold with rare skill or set with precious gems, they make gifts of faultless taste. An illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent on request.



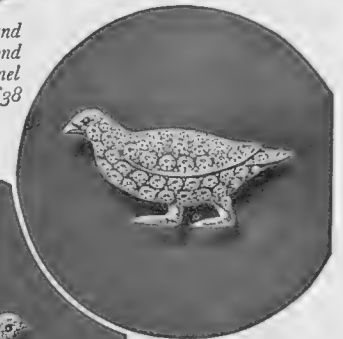
*Diamond and
rose diamond
Fox...£32 10 0*



*Diamond and
rose diamond
Racer, enamel
Jockey...£38*



*Diamond and
rose diamond
Racer, enamel
Jockey...£34*



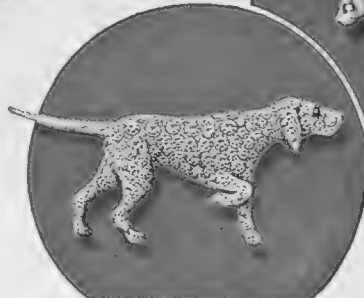
*Diamond and
rose diamond
Grouse £23 10*



*Diamond and
rose diamond
Partridge £32*



*Diamond, rose
diamond and
enamel Pheasant
£20*



*Diamond and
rose diamond
Pointer £37 10*



*18ct. gold
Scottish Ter-
rier on safety
pin...£3 15*

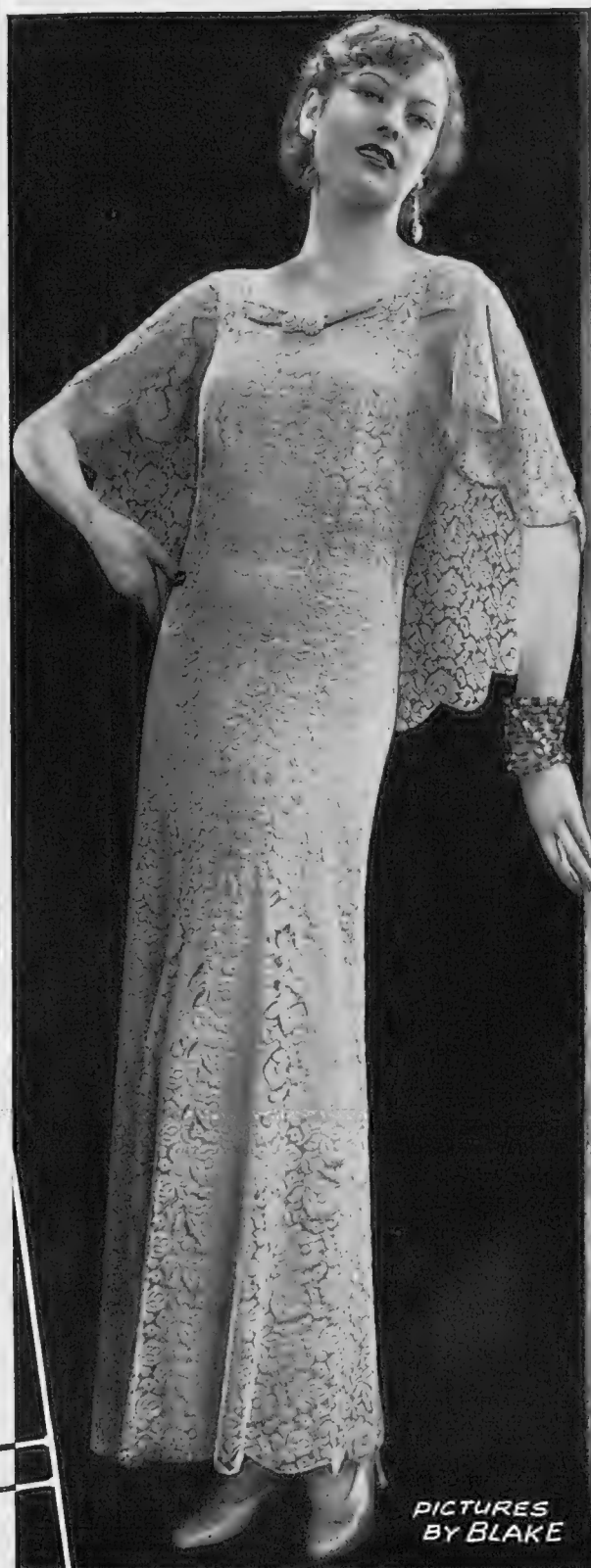
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(Corner of Glasshouse Street.) No other address.

The Highway OF Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE



Fashion news from Paris is in the sunlight, and Marshall and Snelgrove, Harrogate, are showing original models together with their interpretations of the newest ideas; they really are as becoming as they are charming. They are making a feature of fashions for Doncaster and Scotland. There is no doubt about it that everything that is sponsored by this firm is absolutely correct, no matter whether it be footwear for golf, lovely frocks and wraps for day and evening wear, or luxurious fur coats

Many of the evening gowns at Marshall and Snelgrove, Harrogate, are carried out in lace and angel skin, and among the colours are elusive parchment and tea-rose shades that are particularly becoming to women with white hair, especially worn with jade jewellery. The evening dress on the right is expressed in a new lace that has an angel skin finish; it is available in black parchment and other modish colours for 8½ guineas. The cape may be arranged in a variety of ways. Emphasis must also be laid on the fact that it is as becoming to the slight as to the figure of generous proportions. The model on the left is of painted angel skin satin; the back is particularly successful as the double fan-shaped panels aid in the good work of slimming. The colour scheme is non-committal and forms an harmonious background to accessories and jewellery. There are simple georgette dresses introducing the princess line for the débutante with clever, unobservable devices for increasing the width across the shoulders. By the way, they specialize in frocks that do not become weary when travelling by 'plane or car, in other words, are not easily crushed. There are many representatives of the velvet rascal's cap for 29s. 6d., and this is likewise the cost of page boy's headgear; they would be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references

Models, Marshall and Snelgrove, Harrogate

THE BURBERRY



FICKLE British Climate!
... *Equable* Burberry! The perfect answer to the weather's ever-changing mood. Permanently weatherproof and naturally ventilating, warm on cold days, *cool and airy-light* on close days, The Burberry ensures its wearer against every weather surprise.

On dress occasions it is more than ever essential to the smart woman's appearance. Because of its *exclusive fabric character*, its finely woven, light and airfree texture, *The Burberry* is acknowledged from the tropics to the poles. . . . *The World's Best Weatherproof.*

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THE BURBERRY BOOK

tells of many things one ought to know about *The Burberry*. A copy, together with latest patterns of materials and prices, gladly sent on mention of "The Tatler."

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ADAIR—PRE-EMINENT AND BRITISH



HERE IS THE SECRET to Youthful Beauty

The popularity of the Adair Beauty Treatments and Preparations is due to no mere accident.

Constant research in the realm of Beauty Culture has produced these unfailing and supreme aids to lovely womanhood.

Eleanor Adair claims that no woman need lose the charm of youth in spite of advancing years, ill-health or changing climate.

GANESH CHIN STRAP keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep, also removes double chins.

10/6, 15/6, 21/6

At the Adair Salon.

TREATMENT FOR TIRED LINED EYES

Soothing massage, rare herbs from the East, and a special toning lotion applied by a new process, all play their part in this wonderful treatment, which is magical in effect.

STRAPPING MUSCLE TREATMENT

Double chins and sagging cheeks are banished by this treatment, giving place to the firm healthy contours of graceful youth.

Electrolysis, under the skilful care of the Adair assistants, kills superfluous hair at the roots and removes moles, warts, purl spots and red broken veins without leaving a mark.

The Adair Home Beauty Preparations:

EASTERN MUSCLE OIL.

There is no other preparation like this wonderful Muscle Oil to strengthen the exhausted tissues, round out furrowed cheeks, smooth and invigorate sagging muscles of the face and neck.

4/6, 8/6, 17/6, 27/6

GANESH LILY LOTION.

It is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it soft and fair; it is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder.

4/6, 6/6, 8/6

GANESH FACE POWDER.

A superfine powder in all shades.

Per box 2/- to 12/6

GANESH CLEANSING CREAM.

For thoroughly cleansing the skin. Invaluable for motoring or when travelling.

2/-, 5/-, 7/6

DIABLE SKIN TONIC.

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of the finest texture.

4/6, 6/6, 8/6, 17/6

GANESH DARA.

Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe and recommended by doctors.

10/6, 21/6

GANESH EASTERN SKIN FOOD.

Nourishes the skin, keeps it soft and supple. A tissue builder specially prepared for dry and tender skins.

2/-, 5/-, 8/6



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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Fashions for the Autumn.

No woman who dresses well will be able to ignore that something different atmosphere which pervades the autumn ensemble that is pictured on this page; as it is sponsored by Jay's, Regent Street it is a foregone conclusion that the cut and quality of the material are of exalted merit. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that it may be seen in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor, that the price is 17½ guineas, and the dress is of a lighter weight black and white Scotch tweed than the coat. Among the many advantages of the dress is the black and white cross-over scarf and the tweed vest flanked with revers, while the collar of the coat is of genuine Persian lamb; personally I consider that this ensemble is a gilt-edge investment. Furthermore, there are coat frocks in a variety of materials for 98s. 6d.; during the early autumn they form an ideal background for furs, and later on may be worn under camel hair and other wrap coats. In these salons wrap coats collared with fur are 98s. 6d., camel hair coats 89s. 6d., and cardigan suits 8½ guineas.

For Grace and Beauty.

A mistake that is frequently made by "slender" women is to neglect their figures in a most extraordinary way; they overlook the fact that Nature will have her revenge, and give unto the silhouette an outline that is tragic in its unsightliness. Now the Kestos girdles, belts, and brassières give comfort and correct support, arrest imperfections of line, and bestow youthful curves; they are indiscernible under the thinnest frock or close-fitting swimming suit. There are little soft girdles in finest crêpe de chine with 6-inch knitted elastic side panels for 16s. 11d., and there are brassières to match for 12s. 11d. Too much cannot be said in favour of the Kestos décolleté. It is an ingenious adaptation of the brassière with a backless corset. It maintains full control of the hips and diaphragm, and is fastened up the back by a patent device to ensure a smooth, unbroken line. In bust sizes from 30 to 42, it ranges in prices from 29s. 11d. to 6 guineas. Naturally, these are destined for women who have said good-bye to the summer of life. There are special brassières for skating. By the way, all interested in the subject must write to Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W., for the Kestos brochure; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

John Dew's Milk Preparations.

Our grandmothers had great faith in buttermilk or sour milk, and some of the fine complexions of days gone by have been attributed to its

liberal use as a wash. They seem to have been right, for in these more exacting and refined days it has been ascertained that dilute lactic acid has the same effect; ergo, the lactic acid in the buttermilk was the thing that made the fine complexions. But buttermilk cannot be bottled as a speciality; therefore the formula for buttermilk lotion is a substitute which comes as near to it as can be obtained consistently with stability. In more recent times Miss Anna Held, one of the famous Ziegfeld Follies girls, took her daily bath in milk; this was her beauty secret. Does not the experience of this popular figure of the

theatrical world of America speak volumes for the efficiency of milk products in the preservation and production of the charms that are so inherent in a beautiful complexion?

And now Milk Soap.

And now there comes milk soap, a John Dew product; it is sold by all chemists and stores of prestige, but should difficultly be experienced in obtaining it application must be made to John Dew, 180, New Bond Street, who will send the name and address of the nearest agent together with a visitor's tablet of his milk soap; indeed he will send this tablet by letter post to all who mention the name of THE TATLER. I have been using this milk soap during the recent heat wave and have discovered that its action on the skin is cooling and refreshing; it lathers freely even in hard water. Another point in its favour is that it is innocent of scent, therefore it never clashes with the favourite perfume of its user. It is 1s. per 4 oz. tablet or three in a box 3s.

Queen Anne Lavender Water.

There is something about Queen Anne lavender water that makes a direct appeal to the modern woman; it really has a beneficial effect on the mentality, and a headache will often be banished when a few drops are sprinkled on a handkerchief and then inhaled. It pleases, refreshes, and invigorates, as it is sweet and subtle. It may suitably be used in crowded ballrooms, out of doors, in the sick room, home, or office. It is sold in generous sized flagons priced at 6d., 1s., 1s. 9d., 3s., and 5s. Again, there is a Queen Anne lavender facial powder with the chiffon texture as well as other toiletteries; full details regarding these may be obtained from Marlborough and Co., 491, Liverpool Road, London, N.7; naturally, these specialities are sold practically everywhere.

School Outfits.

Peter Robinson, Oxford Street, have prepared new catalogues of boys' and girls' clothing which will be ready on Monday next, August 29.



Model, Jay's

AN AUTUMN ENSEMBLE

That has gone into residence in the ready-to-wear department of Jay's, Regent Street, W. It is carried out in soft black and white Scotch tweed, the coat being reinforced with a handsome black Persian lamb collar

Autumn Clothes for the Children

by
Debenhams

LITTLE GIRL'S COAT in Homespun weave trimmed with contrasting colour. Warmly interlined. In shades of rowan, red or sand.

Sizes 18 to 28 ins., rising 5/- per size.

Size 18 ins. - - - 59/6

Size 28 ins. - - - 87/-

Hat to match 25/9

*New Styles
for the Little Folk on
the Children's Own
Floor*

LITTLE BOY'S PRACTICAL
BROWN MIXTURE TWEED COAT;
collar and cuffs finely stitched, warmly
interlined.

Size for 2 years - - 55/9

Size for 3 years 59/6 to 79/6

Hat to match 21/9

*New Book of
Autumn and Winter
Styles for Children,
sent post free*

SMARTLY TAILORED COAT in
Donegal tweed trimmed with leather
to tone.

Size 20 ins. for 3 years 77/6

Rising 5/- per size to 26 ins. 92/-

Hat to match 39/6

Debenhams & Freebody

WIGMORE STREET, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)



*a RODEX COAT in LLAMOVEL
is among Pile Fabric Coats as
is sable among furs . . .*

Llamovel, the loveliest of all Pile Fabrics, is an exclusive Rodex material. Of pure, undyed Llama hair, its close even Pile has a golden cast that gives its natural colouring an alluring richness.

And added to beauty of material, a RODEX Coat has always a gallant air . . . an air that goes with well-set shoulders, debonair collars and that casual charm of the really good in informal clothes.

FROM ALL FASHION SHOPS AND STORES.

THE FINEST TRAVEL
AND SPORTING COATS
IN THE WORLD.

RODEX COATS

MADE BY

W. O. PEAKE, LTD., MAKERS OF FINE COATS

40/41, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

royds

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



Truman Howell

MISS BETTY COHEN AND CAPTAIN A. A. SIDNEY VILLARS

Whose engagement was announced recently. Captain Arthur Andrew Sidney Villars is the only son of Captain and Mrs. Sidney Villars of Amersham Common, Bucks, and Miss Betty Cohen is the daughter of the late Mr. Rex D. Cohen and Mrs. Cohen of Condoover Hall, Shrewsbury

Bishopstoke, Hampshire, and Miss Mary Adelaide Black, the daughter of the late Mr. L. Black and Mrs. Black of Stapleford, Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia; and at the end of October, Mr. Donald James Boyd, C.I.E., Indian Civil Service, of Fir Crest, Rye, the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Fitzgerald Boyd, is marrying Mrs. Meredith Magniac,

A 1933 Wedding.

Early next year Mr. Burton Edward Abbott, 2nd Batt. 13th Frontier Force Rifles, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Abbott of Lindfield, Sussex, is marrying Miss Rosemary Groves, the elder daughter of the late Air Commodore R. M. Groves, C.B., D.S.O., A.F.C., Royal Air Force, and Mrs. R. M. Groves of Oldfield, Haywards Heath, Sussex.

Marrying Abroad.

The marriage is shortly taking place, in Southern Rhodesia, between Mr. Edward Gordon Haig, the elder son of Lieut. - Colonel and Mrs. A. E. Haig, Oak Grove,

the widow of Lieut.-Colonel Meredith Magniac, D.S.O., and younger daughter of the late Mr. W. Borrett Sayres and of Mrs. Sayres, and the wedding will take place in Bombay.



Vandyk

MISS ANNE STISTED

The daughter of Major and Mrs. C. H. Stisted of Egerton House, Egerton, Kent, whose marriage takes place on August 31 at St. James's Church, Egerton, Kent, to Mr. Campbell Kirkman Finlay, Irish Guards, the only son of Sir Kirkman and Lady Finlay of Warfield Grove, Bracknell, Berks

Recently Engaged.

Major E. L. Graham Lawrence, D.S.O., M.C., the Worcestershire Regiment, the son of the late Mr. Edward Lawrence, Indian Civil Service, and of Mrs. E. Lawrence of Liverpool, and Miss Pamela Challinor,

the daughter of the late Mr. Edward Shalto Challinor and of Mrs. Johnstone of Draycott Lodge, Kempsey, Worcestershire; Captain Raymond Toye, late of the Royal Field

Artillery, the only son of the late Mr. Charles Toye, late Royal Courts of Justice, and of Mrs. Hutton Toye of Fairfields, West Tarring, Sussex, and Miss Jeanette Anjema, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Anjema of Lange Vyverberg, The Hague, Holland; Lieutenant John Wintour, Royal Navy, H.M.S. *Furious*, and Miss Daphne Seymour Seal, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Seal of 1, Cumberland Terrace, Regent's Park; Mr. Martin Will, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Will of Monteville, Cork, and Miss Diana Grove-Annesley, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grove-Annesley of Annesgrove, Co. Cork.



MR. AND MRS. V. O. WILLIAMS

Who were married recently at Taplow, Bucks. Mr. Victor Owen Williams is the only son of Mr. Thomas Williams, formerly High Sheriff of Anglesey, and Mrs. Williams of Wexford Lodge, Nocton, Birkenhead, and his wife was formerly Miss Daphne Monica Baldwin and is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter Baldwin of the Rectory Farm, Taplow, Bucks

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MAPPIN WATCHES

342.
Chromium £4 4 0
9-ct. gold 8 10 0
18-ct. gold 12 0 0

345.
Chromium £4 10 0
9-ct. gold 8 8 0
18-ct. gold 11 10 0

3305.
Platinum, Diamonds
and Sapphires
£27 10 0

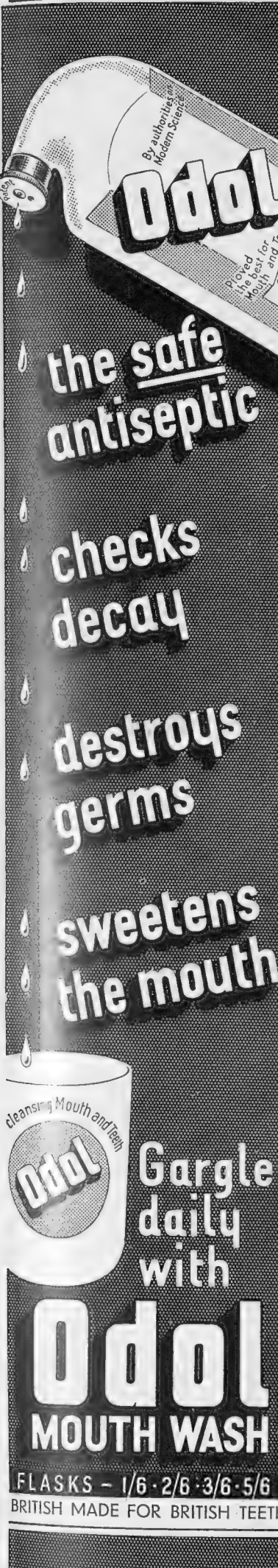
3304.
Platinum, Diamonds
and Sapphires
£35 0 0

390.
Chromium £4 4 0
9-ct. gold 9 9 0

The modern way of Telling Time—Nos. 345, 3304, 3305 and 342 are Watches without hands or dials; the hours and minutes are clearly seen at a glance. No. 390 has a black dial with hands and numerals in a new style. The movements of these Watches are the standard expected of Mappin & Webb. Please call or write for Catalogue.

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proved the best for Mouth and Teeth

Odol

the safe antiseptic

checks decay

destroys germs

sweetens the mouth

cleansing Mouth and Teeth

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Gargle daily with

Odol

MOUTH WASH

FLASKS - 1/6 2/6 3/6 5/6

BRITISH MADE FOR BRITISH TEETH

Garland T.



“4711”

—a true Eau de Cologne

Many similar toilettries aspire to the repute of “4711” Genuine Eau de Cologne but few reach that degree of purity and excellence which has placed “4711” in a class apart throughout the World. “4711” is a genuine Eau de Cologne, true to the original formula; its very quality is a rebuke to those inglorious products which aim, without authority, to emulate its virtues.

“4711” Genuine Eau de Cologne
In convenient sizes for every purpose and at a wide range of prices from 2/6 to 52/6. The original shape at 4/9 and 8/9 and the small “watch shape” for the handbag at 2/6, are illustrated.

“4711” Toilettries
“4711” Vanishing Cream (Matt-Creme) in tubes 1/- or jars 2/- “4711” Cold Cream in tubes 1/- or jars at 10½d., 1/6 & 2/6.

Sample tubes 6d.
These prices may vary in the Irish Free State.

4711

Genuine Eau de Cologne

BLUE & GOLD LABEL

Gar. G.I. No. 9b.



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Cash's

LINGERIE RIBBONS

(Fast Washing)

Ask your draper for the new “Royale” — a double satin ribbon of finest quality with pure silk surface in a full range of absolutely fast colours.

CASH'S BOOK OF RIBBONS containing actual patterns sent free.

J. & J. CASH, Ltd. (Dept. R.H.2.), COVENTRY.



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

Of all chemists. Write to “STILLMANS,” Ringslade Works, Ringslade Road, N. 22, for free booklet “How to Remove Freckles.”

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

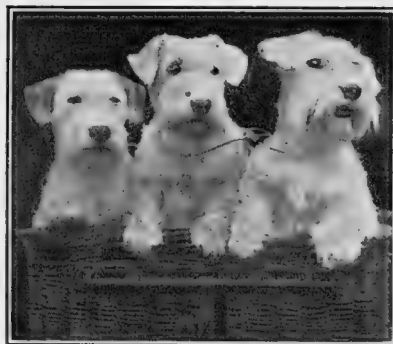
The Champion Stake of the Pointer and Setter Trials of the Scottish Field Trials Association took place on August 5 on the beautiful Langholm Moors, kindly lent by the Duke of Buccleuch. Lady Howe and Colonel Wilson judged. The stake was a triumph for Mrs. Nagle, who won first with F.T. Ch. Sulhamstead Baffle d'Or, second with Dinah d'Or, fourth with Cloghan Bell, and certificates with F.T. Ch. Valla d'Or and Token d'Or. At the close of the proceedings Baffle and Dinah, running as a brace, gave an excellent show. All but one of the first four dogs were therefore Irish setters. The same brace had won the previous week at the I.G.L.'s Trials in North Wales where Mrs. Holt's Rock o' May also distinguished himself. Mrs. Holt was running Rock o' May and a pointer, Menalfron Venus, at the meeting at Langholm.

Lady Faudel-Phillips is the foremost authority on the chow in this country, and her dogs are all of the purest and most thought out pedigrees.



DEBORAH OF DOWNALONG
The property of Miss Smallwood

Anything written by her on them is of interest, so I am giving the notes she sent with the picture of her bitch, Li Chin of Amwell. She says: "She is pure cream. Three years old. Her sire is Li Po, a red and a big winner. This bitch was first shown by me at the L.K.A. show in May 1931, and won first in Novice under Miss Peck, also a second and third. This year, since Cruft's, she has won over twenty first prizes, two championships, and five times reserve for best of sex in the breed. There has always been a prejudice against creams and fawns, and very few judges have had the courage to put them up. This bitch, to my mind, is perfect.



SEALYHAM TERRIERS
The property of Miss Verrall

Mr. Crabtree gave her her first certificate at Taunton in June, and Mrs. Clemerson her second at Darlington. She is the only cream or fawn ever awarded a championship so far in this country. Many years ago I owned a very good dog called Poyang. He was shown first in 1910, and won a number of prizes, but even in those days no judge liked the colour. I believe this dog would have been a champion otherwise."

The Sealyham remains ever popular—he is such an attractive, sturdy-looking little dog and an excellent companion. The Misses Verrall's Sealyhams are well known to all interested in the breed; they have done remarkably well at shows. In common with all kennels they usually have some puppies for sale. The picture is of some of the older dogs. When one sees the well-filled classes of Sealyhams at shows it is difficult to believe that they were shown for the first time at the K.C. Show in 1910.

Another well-known breed, this time one of the most popular of the terriers. Miss Smallwood has built up, Fortune of Downalong by the famous Ch. Gillie of Hyver, whom he much resembles. The picture is of one of his daughters, Deborah of Downalong. It can be seen what a good type she is. Miss Smallwood has a nice dog puppy for sale; she says "really a jolly healthy puppy." She also has a fourteen-months-old bitch for sale, and would consider breeding terms. Miss Smallwood has only a small kennel and all her dogs receive individual attention, which makes so much difference. Her kennels are situated at Ferndown on the outskirts of Bournemouth, and she is delighted to show her dogs at any time.



LI CHIN OF AMWELL
The property of Lady Faudel-Phillips

TÊTE - À-TÊTE

In the fragrance of PLAYER'S new interests spring into being.. ways and means are discussed and conversation runs its happy course.



PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100 BOXES 4'8" • FLAT TINS OF 50 2'6"

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

N.C.C.105. A.

Miss Celia Johnson

in "To-morrow will be Friday" now appearing at the Haymarket Theatre, writes:

"IN many an actress's life Phosferine plays a leading part. But to the actress, like myself, of straight drama, it is indispensable. The success of any play depends naturally enough upon absolute concentration, prolonged tension, and lasting good spirits. Phosferine insures all these and much more. It provides against the sometimes harmful effects of getting 'worked up' every night, and often twice daily, for weeks on end. Phosferine is without doubt the firm friend of every actress, and unquestionably it is the tonic of tonics, for undoubtedly it allows one to enjoy all recreations without a nagging sense of fatigue after the innumerable late and arduous nights. What is more important, and so essential on the stage, but yet so far outside the limits of grease-paint, Phosferine gives one that perfect complexion and vigorous health."

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain-Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists. 1/3, 3/- & 5/- Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

WARNING.—Phosferine is prepared only by Phosferine (Ashton and Parsons) Ltd., and the public is warned against purchasing Worthless Imitations.



Photograph by Mannell

From the very first day you take PHOSFERINE you will gain new confidence, new life, new endurance. It makes you eat better and sleep better, and you will look as fit as you feel. Phosferine is given to the children with equally good results.

THE DELTA FINE-CUT SERIES OF JIG-SAW PUZZLES

BEST FOR FINISH AND QUALITY.

Famous Sailing Ships from Original Paintings by C. P. Patterson.
Size 26" x 17", 900 pieces. Price 31/- post free.



"THE TORRENS."

This picture has a particular interest, inasmuch as the great novelist, Joseph Conrad, sailed in her as First Mate. Also companion subject, The "ROSS-SHIRE."

42-page Illustrated Catalogue and Leaflets containing particulars of Puzzles from 30 to 2,000 pieces. 2d. post free.

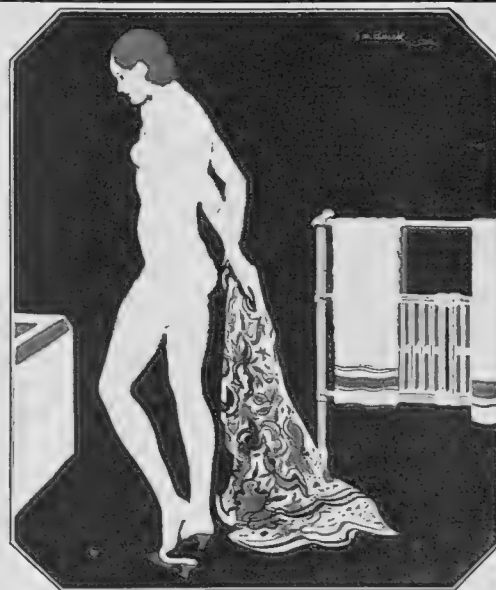
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See that yours are fitted with all the comforts that a modern central heating installation can provide. We publish a list of clients, many of whom have been kind enough to compliment us upon the excellence of our workmanship. May we send you a copy?

B.O.C. "Imperial" Installations for Central Heating, Lighting, and Power.

The
BRITISH OXYGEN CO. LTD.
INC. ALLEN LIVERSIDGE LTD.

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Installation Department: VICTORIA STATION HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, S.W. 1

WINE LIST—continued from p. 344

friend. She was getting so tired of the men who took her out, and gave her a good time with an object in view which, by putting her continually on the defensive, ruined the pleasure she might otherwise have had.

It was stupid of her, she knew. Why she bothered to be on the defensive she could not imagine. She might just as well give in; probably, then, she would get in the swim of all the exciting parties to which she so often failed to receive an invitation. This man, for instance? Why not? One had to take the plungesome time! But not on claret! Besides, it showed how little he thought of her!

He considered her suggestion of red wine in a momentary silence. Modest she seemed in her requirements. He was rather tired of spoilt gold-diggers. He looked upon her with rather more favour. She had not suggested an elaborate dinner. She was reaching a frame of mind which appreciated a man at his proper value.

She really was rather sweet, he thought.

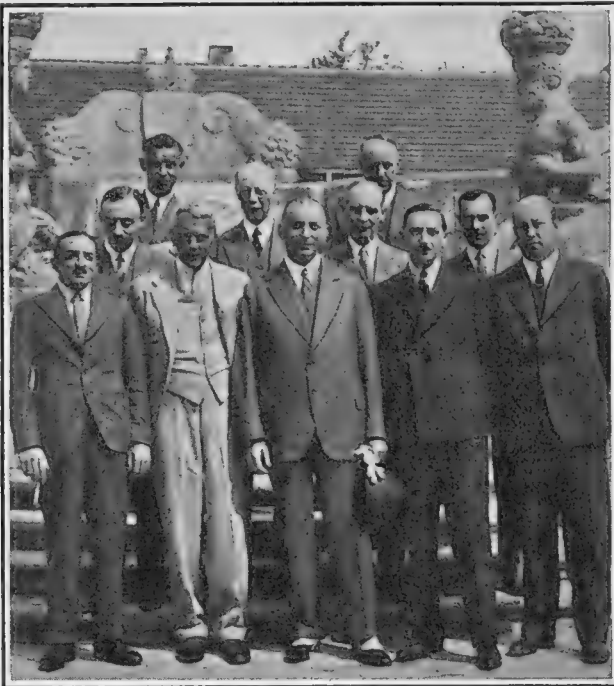
He flicked back the wine-list page with his thumb. He would not order red wine. To satisfy his self-respect, should he do so, it would have to be something expensive, such as Clos de Voges or pre-War Chamberlain. Moreover, one could not be certain as to the effect it might have—with Bubbly one knew where one was!

"If he had really been interested in me he would have ordered champagne as a matter of course," she went on thinking. "I might have liked him, too. I might have. Well, it's just one more postponement of the inevitable."

"I meant," he leaned across the table towards her, "that I like a dry wine, don't you? Do you prefer Krug to Roederer? Bring a bottle of '32," he ordered. Neither did he know if he was glad or sorry!

POLO NOTES—continued from p. 340

saying came of age this year, has ever been a most valuable prop and stay in either fair or foul weather. I am sure a good many of us miss that Cowdray Park team in London. But Lord Cowdray and his brother still keep their interest warm and have not allowed that pleasant fixture at Midhurst to die out. What happened this year during Goodwood week said plainly that it is as full of vigour as ever. They had the 19th Field Brigade R.A. (with the Inter-Regimental crack No. 1, Captain B. J. Fowler), The Optimists largely a Life Guards team, Lakers Lodge with a strong Gunner infusion, a Cowdray team (the Hon. W. Pearson, Mr. J. Lakin, Colonel Vivian Lockett, and the crack heavyweight back, Major J. F. Harrison), and Sir Harold Wernher brought his Someries House team almost complete. At Sir Ian Walker's Osmaston tournament, which is more or less only just over, they had just as good a show; a Greys team, Tidworth, with a Grey (Mr. Mackeson) and other huss soldiers in it, Someries House (more or less), Gaddesby with two Smith-Binghams, Count Jack de Pret and Major S. C. Deed, and a team run by the host and naturally called Osmaston but not, bar the "owner," anything like the Champion and Coronation Cup one. The back was, however, Colonel D. C. Boles, who is a relation of Sir Ian Walker and commands The Blues these days, but will always be remembered in the world of polo as a 17th Lancer. Incidentally it is grossly unfair dealing by the Goddess who looks after this sort of thing that D. C. Boles of all people should be kept out of things in London by gout. It almost makes one wonder if it is worth while being a non-smoker and a teetotaler! All this does not, I submit, look as if polo were on the wane in England.



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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

By a slip that went unnoticed by a dozen people in the Editorial Department of the Worthington Sporting Calendar, the opening of the grouse shooting season was illustrated by a photograph of some very obvious pheasants! This mistake arose through a confusion of two of the many hundreds of photographs which have to be collected and sorted out for each issue of the calendar. Worthington are very sorry indeed. They understand that in the time of King Henry I they would have been liable to the most uncomfortable penalties for anticipating game out of season; branding was one of the less severe punishments! But Worthington hope that all who noticed it will forgive them, for it is the first error that has occurred in this very popular series. To the many readers who wrote in pointing out this mistake, Worthington and Co., Ltd., wish to offer their thanks and apologies, and give their assurance that such a mistake will not happen again. But, in any case, Worthington is said to be good for any sort of grouse!

The ex-Service Welfare Society are appealing for funds to carry on the great work which they do for nerve-shattered ex-Service men. Donations should be sent to the chairman, Mr. Ralph Millbourn, at 53, Victoria Street, S.W.1.



THE STARBOARD CLUB, SEAVIEW

Charles E. Brown

A group of members outside this new club, which has just been opened by Mrs. Macmillan Dawson at one of the most charming spots in the whole of the Wight. It will be observed that they have got the right kind of lamp over the door. To be complete the port lantern ought to be on the other side of the house

PETROL VAPOUR—continued from p. 342

the temperature 110 deg. in the shade all day long, crossed the Canadian and American Rockies several times at altitudes from 10,000 ft. to 13,000 ft., covered thousands of miles over roads that Europe cannot duplicate except in Turkey and Greece (and maybe Russia), run all day long across high plateaus in Montana and Wyoming at 8,000 ft. altitude and 50 m.p.h. average, done many miles with temperature as low as 30 deg. below zero. . . . The motor never boiled no matter what the sun temperature, the altitude, or grade might be. The brakes never smoked no matter how long and steep the descent. The engine turns over as silently to-day after 50,000 miles as she did when new. Now

that the trip is over I must confess I would never attempt to cover those miles again in anything but a . . . (must let the cat out of the bag) . . . a Phantom II." Doesn't that come refreshing and invigorating, right off the ice? Whilst we keep remarkably quiet about it we do seem to have acquired the knack of building pretty good cars and motor-cycles. Even the Continent, after the Alpine Trial and numerous races, in which we have gently ticked off most of the other comers, is beginning to sit up and take notice.



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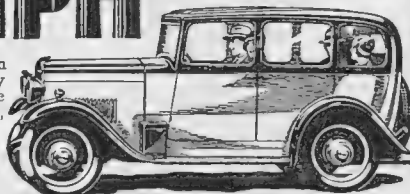
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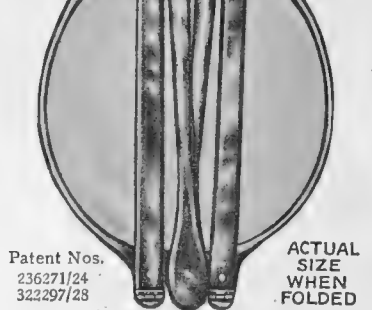
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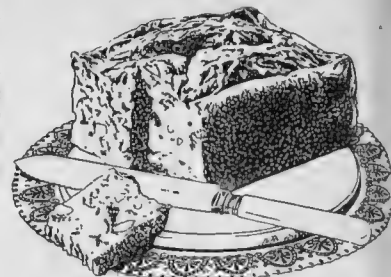
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

Reforming the Turf

1826:—"As an exhibition of foul riding, this match¹ between Kennedy and Ross² must surely be without equal. It was agreed that there shd be no restrictions in this respect, and ye match was therefore decided over hunting country, that they shd be free of ye restraints of flat racing. Capt. Douglas rode Radical on behalf of Kennedy, Ross being mounted pon Clinker. At ye first jump Radical refused and turned across Clinker. Ross thereupon stuck in his spurs and deliberately knocked his opponent clean over ye fence, sending Radical head over heels on ye fence's near side. Tho Douglas managed to remount, he was never near to regaining the distance thus lost. But he must account himself lucky to have come out of the affair with his life."

1. Run in Leicester in 1826, for a stake of £1,000 a side.
2. Lord Kennedy and Capt. Ross, friends of the Earl of Glasgow.



Lady Angela: "What a disgraceful thing to do! Why — if he'd killed the man it would have been nothing else but murder."

Sir Edward: "All the same they wouldn't have called it murder. I doubt if this Ross fellow would even have been punished. In 1826 rough riding hadn't really been stamped out, although generally speaking things weren't as bad as they had been."

Lady Angela: "Goodness, Ted, what a difference between racing then and now. The people who reformed it must have had their work cut out."

Sir Edward: "Lord George Bentinck and Admiral Rous were perhaps the greatest reformers the turf has ever known. There have been many others since, of course, but they paved the way for them."

Lady Angela: "I know which reformer's affected me most."

Sir Edward: "Meaning.....?"

Lady Angela: "Meaning the man who's taken all the trouble and worry out of betting; who's proved that a bookie can be human."

Sir Edward: "Ah! you're referring to 'Duggie'."

Lady Angela: "Darling, how positively Sherlock of you!"

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